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ROYAL ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

ANNUAL MEETING at LEICESTER, 1870,
Commencing TUESDAY, July 26, and ending TUESDAY, August 2.
President of the Meeting.
The LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, F.S.A.
Patrons of the Meeting.
His Grace the DUKE of RUTLAND, K.G.
The Right Hon. the EARL of GAINSBOROUGH.
The Right Hon. EARL HOWE.
The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of PETERBOROUGH.
The Right Hon. LORD BERNERS.

July 26.—Inaugural Meeting in the Guildhall, at 2 P.M., when an Address will be presented by the Mayor and Corporation. Visit to Objects of interest in the Town. Evening Meeting.
July 27.—Meetings of Sections. Visit to Leicester Abbey, &c. Evening Meeting.
July 28.—Excursion to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Tathbury, Tamworth, and Polesworth. Conversations in the Evening.
July 29.—Meeting of Members for Business. Meetings of Sections. Excursion to Kirby Muxloe Castle. Conversations in the Evening.
July 30.—Excursion to Groby, Bradgate Park, Ulverscroft Priory, Woodhouse Chapel, Beaumont Park, and Grace Dieu.
August 1.—Meetings of Sections. Excursion to Melton Mowbray and Oakham. Conversations in the Evening.
August 2.—Meetings of Sections. General Concluding Meeting.
Reception Room at the Town Library, Guildhall. Temporary Museum of Antiquities and Works of Art, to which Contributions are invited, in the Free Library, Wellington-street.
Tickets—Gentlemen's (not transferable), One Guinea; Ladies' (transferable), Half-a-Guinea. By order.
16, New Burlington-street, London, W.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF
THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,
(THIRTIETH CELEBRATION.)
On the 30th and 31st AUGUST and 1st and 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1870.
President—The Right Hon. the EARL of BRADFORD.
*Principal Vocalists—*Mademoiselle Titieni, Madame Lemmens-Eberington, Miss Edith Wynne and Mademoiselle Lima di Murka. *Madame Patey and Mademoiselle Drandl.* Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli. *Solo Pianoforte,* Madame Arabella Goddard. *Solo Violin,* M. Saluton. *Organist,* Mr. Stimpson.
Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.
Tuesday Morning—Elijah, Mendelssohn.
Wednesday Morning—Naaman, Costa.
Thursday Morning—Messiah, Handel.
Friday Morning—St. Peter (a New Oratorio), Benedict (composed expressly for the Festival); Requiem, Mozart.
Tuesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Paradise and the Peri), J. F. Barnett (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, comprising Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor, on the Organ; Kreisler's Sonata and Overture Guillaume Tell.
Wednesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Instrumental Works, A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the Festival); Choral Odes (ditto), Dr. Stewart. Second Part will consist entirely of Selections from the Works of Beethoven.
Thursday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Nala and Damayanti), Dr. F. Hillier (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, including Kreutzer Sonata and Overture Guillaume Tell.
Friday Evening—Samson, Handel.
Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Offices of the Festival Committee, Ann-street, Birmingham, on and after the 26th inst.
By order, HOWARD S. SMITH,
Secretary to the Festival Committee.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—At the Annual General Meeting, held June 17th, it was Resolved, that the number of Second Subscribers should, from the 1st of January, 1871, be limited to 1,500. New Members may therefore enter as Second Subscribers during the remainder of 1870. Afterwards they can only be received as Associates.
Further information relating to Membership and the Publications of the Society can be obtained at the Office, or will be sent by post on application to F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.
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An Examination for the Arnold Scholarships will be held the beginning of October.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

LITERATURE

Programme of the Royal Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.—The Meeting at Leicester, A.D. 1870.

THERE are some societies that are like some men: their lines are cast in pleasant places. There is not a pleasanter county, or a pleasanter county-town, in England than Leicestershire and its capital; Romance and Reality seem there to go hand-in-hand. The meadows are as verdant as the Vale of Tempe. The oxen that graze in them are as fat as the bulls of Bashan. The shepherds may not very closely resemble the familiar "formosum pastor Corydon," but the sheep are sheep that Landseer might be gladdened to look upon and Verboekhoven worship while he sketched them. A man may have Cuyyps and Paul Potters in Leicestershire for nothing, for the mere trouble of opening his eyes and enjoying what is before them. There are herds in picturesque groups, and there are flocks wanting only Watteau's pink ribbons and daintily-gauzed shepherdesses to make them—what nothing else could make them—ridiculous. There is an atmosphere of poetry about the sheep, and therewith material ideas of well-roasted saddles and currant-jelly! Sidney Cooper himself might look upon the oxen and be pardoned for the rich suggestions they convey of brown sirloins and horse-radish. The beautiful and the useful are combined in Leicester and its shire. There is a womanly beauty abounding there that might make any reasonable man distracted. There was a rude and hungry time, indeed, when it was said that if you shook a Leicestershire woman by the petticoat you might hear the beans rattle in her throat. "Nous avons changé tout cela!" When one thinks that the archaeologists are gathering in such a place and among such objects, it is impossible not to see that their lines are cast in pleasant places,—pleasant and perilous; for even archaeologists may be forced to acknowledge another beauty than that which they reverence in old pots, pans, coins and ruins. They may be in ecstasy in presence of castle or grange or abbey-mantled with ivy; but let them beware of the Leicestershire "teretis puellæ longam renodantis comam."

The programme of the Royal Archaeological Institute shows the anxiety of the managers that the visitors shall see everything in and about the town. It, however, begins with an error. It announces the opening of the Reception Rooms for "Monday, July 22nd." Business will seriously commence on Tuesday the 26th, with addresses, sight-seeing, and the reading of papers. Leicester Abbey is the great feature for Wednesday. On Thursday, the Society go boldly over the border of the county, after exploring various ancient spots within it. They will visit Tamworth and Tuxbury. The vicinity adds to the temptation, and the archaeologists will wisely avail themselves of the opportunity. The excursion for Friday will be to Kirby Muxloe Castle. There are half a dozen for Saturday, including Bradgate, so associated with old griefs and old glories, and Beaumanor Park, where a living master will show himself worth a dozen defunct earls and their stories. Mr. Herrick will entertain the Society, not with a lecture, but

a luncheon. Sunday is not named in the programme, probably for sufficient reason, but Monday, August 1, will take those who have remained thus long in Leicester to Melton Mowbray and Oakham. After all the pleasant excursions have been run through, and no more of the light and luxurious work has to be done, there will be a meeting on Tuesday, "for reading memoirs of interest for which time may have been insufficient." For such reading we do not anticipate many listeners. The voice of the reader will be less potential than the whistle of the steam-engine.

For archaeologists who are as much influenced by sentiment as by science, the county can offer few things more tempting than the trip to Bradgate, the ancient manor and residence of the Earls of Leicester. But, it is not on their account that Bradgate is attractive. It has higher and more tender associations. There were born the three sisters, Jane, Catherine, and Mary Grey, whose destinies were so varied, and in different degrees so sad. Jane was that Queen for an hour, who paid with her life for wearing the greatness that was thrust upon her. Catherine was that prisoner in the Tower, whence she could not escape to Liberty, but whither love went, despite Elizabeth and all her locksmiths. Mary, youngest sister of the short-lived Queen Jane, had no heart for any lord in Leicestershire. She gave, however, food for a nine days' gossip in the county, when she, who might have chosen from among a score of noble suitors, chose to wed, and found quiet, safety and happiness in doing so, with plain Master Martin Keys, or Kayes, —a serjeant-porter, of whom some one saucily said, "He is a Judge of Court indeed; but of dice only and not of law." Had Lady Mary murdered a noble husband, as Dame Smith did Sir Walter, near Leicester Grange, she could not have excited more surprise than she did by wedding with an obscure one, like Master Martin.

The town itself might profitably occupy the members of the Institute throughout the whole time of the meeting, if they chose to confine themselves within such limits. There is something there for every class of archaeologist. Groups may stand around the ancient Roman mile-stone and may discuss the meaning of the ancient name of the city—*Ratae*. With regard to the origin of the name it now bears, we trust that King Lear will be deposed, and never have a friend to attempt his restoration. *Lear's Cester* is as puerile in connexion with *Leicester*, as the famous descent of *gherkin* from *King Jeremiah*. The Saxons saw the local beauty, and took from it a happy name, —the Camp in the Meadows. The local names have doubtless undergone considerable change. The Sancta Via has been vulgarized into *Sanvy*, Gallowsgate has been refined into *Goltre*. The "*Janua*" has been utterly forgotten in its modernized form of *Jewry Wall*, with legends to fit "*Jewry*," and mislead Fellows of the *Soc. Antiq.* looking for the "*Janua*." This fragment of Roman work, which adjoins St. Nicholas' Church, is at present being propped up with brickwork.

But it was never intended that the meadows which glorify Leicester should be forgotten. The Romans themselves must have been sensible of their refreshing and fragrant beauty. Why did they call the station there, *Ratae*? Will no archaeologist be bold enough next

week to discover, assert, or suggest that *Ratae* should be *Prata*? There is not much difference, and the latter would be acceptable to the Romantists among antiquarians. The Saxons, perhaps, adopted that reading. They, at all events, did honour to the spot to which fortune, fate, and that Saxon persistency which makes both fate and fortune, brought them. The Camp in the Meadows was followed by a church similarly named. The monks were not to be outdone in poetical feeling by the pagan Saxons; and their abbey, church, and monastery had but one name, St. Mary de Pratis, St. Mary of the Meadows. They who tarried therein when the sweetest bells in England, those of St. Margaret, rang out silver-toned messages at eventide, had a double pleasure. Each listener may have confessed the double joy, by murmuring, "*festus in Pratis*."

The fine old church of St. Nicholas and the Guildhall are each of them worthy of note. In the old days, the two churches of St. Mary and St. Margaret were what may be termed, without offence, the "spectacular" churches of Leicester. There was one especial solemnity—a Whitsuntide procession of pilgrims, from St. Mary's to St. Margaret's, at which a singular ceremony was observed. Among the oblations laid on the altar were two pairs of gloves, one for the Deity, the other for St. Thomas of India! To the profane succeeded the comic ceremonies. Among the latter is to be named the alleged original manner of electing a mayor for Leicester. The candidates for the dignity sat in a semicircle, each with a hat full of beans in his lap. A sow was then introduced, and the first man whose hat full of Leicestershire beans was emptied by the sow, was raised to the coveted and awful dignity of mayor. This is the legend, but we fancy that something like it has been told to bring Mr. Mayors of other municipalities into contempt. The Leicester mayor had no exceptional privileges to excite envy. If men are to be envied for their power, few men have been more enviable than the Earls of Leicester, some of whom, within the county, were greater than the king within his realm.

The title of Earl of Leicester is one of the oldest and noblest in the peerage. It has been borne by some of the most remarkable among Englishmen since the creation of the dignity, in 1103. It was enjoyed in succession by a handsome, a hunchbacked, or a white-handed De Bellomont. During a hundred years and one, four heirs of that noble house were Earls of Leicester. The title and lands then went, as so many have done, with the sole heiress, to the foremost man of his day, the Simon de Montfort, whose son and successor was a sort of Cromwell in his way. The title was forfeited before De Montfort lay dead on the field at Evesham. The dignity, with the Castle of Leicester, and all the other honours and possessions of Simon, were made over to Edmund, the second son of Henry the Third. Four princely Plantagenets had borne the proud title when Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, of Lincoln, and of Leicester, died, leaving two daughters for his heirs, of whom one, Maude, died childless; the other, Blanche, married John of Gaunt, who got with her the castle and honour of Leicester; but the title of the Earl of Leicester was not what is called attendant upon that tenure.

The father of Blanche died in 1361. Two hundred and two years elapsed before our peerage knew of another Earl of Leicester, that brilliant Robert Dudley, the favourite of Elizabeth, the brother of Guilford (the passionate boy-husband of Lady Jane Grey), and brother also of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who started Frobisher on his first North-West Passage. Those Dudleys, with all their faults, were really noble fellows. They will not be thought lightly of by the archaeologists when it is remembered that their father, the luckless John Dudley, was a scholar and the friend of scholars, and that the most ancient books in the library at Lambeth once belonged to the Earl Robert whom Queen Elizabeth loved, after her queenly fashion. And again the title went away with an heiress. Robert Dudley's sole sister, Mary, married Viscount Lisle, Baron Sydney of Penshurst, and the Queen, Elizabeth, conferred on the bridegroom the title which had been so splendidly borne by the bride's brother. The son and heir of this couple held some Lammasland close to the metropolis, for which he paid a poor 3*l.* yearly. He got leave to build upon and near it. Forthwith our soldiers lost fields that were to them what Wormwood Scrubs are to the volunteers of the present day. Leicester Fields became encumbered with bricks and mortar, and upon them rose the Square, Lisle Street, Sydney Alley, &c., which perpetuate the memory of a family to which belonged knightly Philip, the popular Algernon, the handsome Henry, and that wayward Dorothy, whom Waller has celebrated as "Sacharissa."

After the death of the last Sydney, in 1743, the ancient earldom was made over to a stranger, Coke, Lord Lovel, at whose demise, in 1759, the title became extinct. It was revived in 1784, in the person of George Townshend, who took precedence of his father Viscount Townshend till the Viscount was made a marquis! Here, however, was a man whose memory archaeologists may fairly cherish. The blood of De Montfort, through a female line, was in him. He knew more of heraldry than old Gwillim, and all the heralds together could not surpass him in genealogical lore. The earldom of Leicester was held by the Townshends till 1855, when it ceased, though an heir general succeeded to the marquise. Nevertheless, there had been a second Earl of Leicester since 1837. For nearly twenty years there were two Earls of Leicester—Coke of Norfolk and the peer who was Marquis Townshend and Earl of Leicester. It has been erroneously said that both held the same title by grant of the Crown. The titles were not the same. The Marquis of Townshend was "Earl of the county of Leicester." Coke of Norfolk was created "Earl of Leicester of Holkham, county of Norfolk." Therefore his son, the present Earl, has nothing to do with the castle and honour of Leicester which were once enjoyed by the Bellomonts, De Montforts, Plantagenets, Dudleys, Sydneys, and Townshends. Mr. Coke's ancestor—Coke, Lord Lovel—was Earl of the County of Leicester; but Mr. Coke himself was created, as we have said, Earl of Leicester of Holkham, and had none of the blood of the old Leicester earls in his veins. We do not say this in disparagement of his own.

We may notice in passing that, if Walter Scott's Countess of Leicester be but an apocry-

phal personage, as far as she is called "Countess," there are others, whose dust now lies within the city walls who were of repute in their day. But these ladies are nothing compared with the most perfect woman in the world, of whom Leicestershire preserves what is mortal, at Hinckley. The lady was a Mistress Mary Seagrave, and this testimony is inscribed on her tomb: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but *thou excellest them all!*" We should be inclined to prefer, at least for her works, that ever-to-be-reverenced Mrs. Orton who made Leicestershire famous by her invention of Stilton cheese. Like a clever woman, she learned the secret from Cooper Thornhill, the landlord of the Bell, at Stilton. Like an acute woman, she persuaded people that the delicious cheese could be made only from the milk of cows that fed in one close,—her own,—in the parish of Little Dalby. For a quarter of a century Mrs. Orton made Stilton cheese and much money. About the middle of last century two or three other persons took up the work. The whole secret lay in mixing with the new milk as much cream as it would bear. This gave the cheese its peculiar richness. Extreme care and unremitting attendance did the rest, and *now*, Stilton cheese is made everywhere but at Stilton, where indeed it was never made, except in the way of amateur farming, by the landlord of the Bell. The produce was not known to the county-town press, or the latter might have given it a "lift." The local paper at that time was in a rather singular condition.

In the middle of last century the Leicester newspaper press,—or rather the Leicester newspaper, for there was no press,—was in an equally droll and embarrassed position. The paper was written in the town. The copy was sent to London to be printed. The paper set in type was returned by coach. It took two days to "go up," as many to print, and two more to get back, by which time the latest news was a week old. One would suppose that matter would have so accumulated that room for insertion would be scarce. Room was superabundant; matter was scarce. It was so scarce that during one dry season, the editor adopted a sort of *feuilleton* to fill up with. It was a serial, but not anything like a modern sensational story. It was simply the Bible in regular chapters, and the editor had got to the end of the tenth chapter of Exodus, before further news than about what Moses had said unto Pharaoh, turned up for the amusement of the Leicestershire subscribers. That primitive paper was the *Leicester Journal*. The *Herald* belonged to the last decade of years of the eighteenth century. When Sir Richard Phillips was a flourishing bookseller in town, one of his happiest memories was his having stopped in Leicester when on his way to London, and having there founded the *Herald*, which became one of the signs of his progress towards his well-fought for and his well-won fortune and distinctions. The *Chronicle* dates from 1810.

The local press dealing with local history does not ignore Briton, Roman, Dane, Saxon or Norman. Later times have quite as romantic illustrations. The siege of Leicester in 1645 is as dear a theme to those who live on the spot as that of Londonderry is to the dwellers within the walls of the ancient Daire Calgaich, the "oak wood of Galgaus." But a dearer theme used to be that of Richard and Bosworth

Field, and the Blue Boar, in Leicester, in which Richard passed the night, and the huge bed in which he slept, and which beholders religiously believed was the camp-bed which that active monarch carried about with him, whithersoever he went! More than one writer has "leapt over the traces," and bolted in a mad sort of enthusiasm, after this melo-dramatic personage. It was reserved to one of the many historians of Leicester to be madder than all the rest! Throsby, in his fanaticism of adoration, lovingly-familiar, calls Richard "King Dick." Referring to the bridge near the Blackfriars, he is almost delirious with delight. "The arches of this bridge," he exclaims, "which span the ancient river Soar, should be ever memorable as the passage (of one of the bravest kings that ever swayed a sceptre) to the field of battle and his death, arrayed in martial glory, panting for fame and victory." This Leicestershire historian never tires of the theme. He roars at it, like Mr. Bradley in an old Coburg drama. In his "Select Views" of the County he touches on the battle: "Bosworth's fight," he says, "lost one of the greatest heroes England ever produced his crown and life, and levelled his conqueror and successor with the lowest of the human race. Unlettered peasants, butchers and chimney-sweepers have killed their fellows in a conflict; but none of them insulted the bodies of the helpless slain. That alone was left for the Earl of Richmond and his followers." These be "grave 'ords"; braver could not have been uttered in Wensleydale when the news of Richard's death reached the house in the North where he was loved when living, and where Richard's memory with his charities survived till long after his death.

Perhaps something yet may turn up from the muniment chest at Beaumanor in reference to Richard in Leicestershire. The matter will be worth remembering at Mr. Herrick's, if his luncheon do not drive it out of the heads of his guests. At the close of the last century there were chests there, crammed with papers more or less important, which had not been examined for a hundred years. So ran the story. Many of the papers have since been made public; but it is possible that a few may remain that would repay research; and we commend the subject to the Beaumanor guests next Saturday.

We close the programme of the coming meeting with increased respect for a county so full of such present beauty and ancient memories as Leicestershire. It is full too of pleasant contrasts. Barton in the Beans seems to the yeomen what Ashby de la Zouch and its chivalry were to knights and ladies. Old Latimer kept a farm there, with a hundred sheep, half-a-dozen servants, and a score and a half of kine which his wife milked herself. Their son, the martyr, fed other lambs. All Christians may reverence the memory of this Leicestershire hero, if it were only for his desire, at the Reformation, that two abbeys in every diocese should be preserved, for the maintenance of learned men out of their revenues. Ashby itself was not merely the stage for knights, it was the cradle of that English Seneca, John Hall, who survived to see episcopacy abolished, but not to see it restored. At Brooksby was born that most accomplished courtier of his age, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; but to enumerate all the Leicestershire celebrities is altogether

beyond our limits. They are numerous, not to say numberless, from Lady Jane Grey to little Miss Linwood, who worked her effigies in worsted work that looked marvellously like what it really was, and made our grandmothers half worship that Queen of the Needle. The heroes may be said to date from the days of the kingdom of Mercia, and Leicester is not sterile of such productions yet. There is a tablet in the chapel in Belvoir Street to the memory of Robert Hall, who was long minister of the chapel. Nor has the county lacked chroniclers, from the time of the Carmelite, Belgrave, who wrote six centuries and a half ago, down to the last handbook for the uses of archaeologists and strangers generally. These works are from the ponderous folios of the Nicholases and others, down to pamphlets of chronological events. They are from histories in half-a-dozen volumes to a mere broadsheet, with its pennyworth of tradition. Of the six-volume history Walpole said in his off-hand way: "It seems to be superficial, but the author is young and talks modestly, which, if it will not serve instead of merit, makes one at least hope he will improve and not grow insolent on age and more knowledge." The most convenient and trustworthy history of Leicester is by Mr. J. Thompson, which was reviewed in the *Athenæum*, No. 1194.

Leicestershire since that period has not added much that is new to its history. It still has the broadest beans, the heaviest sheep, the largest horses, the longest staple of wool, in England: web-fabrics and shoes are the products of the town. The Avon, the Soar, the Wreke, the Anker, and the Welland are pleasant among rivers! The castle, abbey, gates, and many other things which added to its state or its security have not crumbled away out of memory, whatever they may have become in fact. Leicester has many memories of which it may be proud; a few at which it may be sad. It has only one of which it may be ashamed. At the parliament held at Leicester in the reign of Henry the Fifth, was enacted the famous law for the burning of heretics.

Norddeutslands Seemacht: ihre Organisation, ihre Schiffe, ihre Häfen, und ihre Besatzung. Von Bernhard Graser. (Trübner & Co.)

ENGLAND has always been expected to be so jealous of the German navy, that Herr Graser, no doubt, thinks he has done an act of daring in sending his book to be reviewed by an English journal. It is impossible to overlook the fact that he has made the most of his subject, and that if the English navy was treated at equal length, the account of it would fill a library. Five hundred pages are devoted to a fleet of eighty-six vessels. All the more important ships are described at full length; their dimensions, their materials, their cost, their histories, even where they have no history, are all committed to paper. We are told how this ship was built in an English yard under the superintendence of a Prussian engineer, and how that was intended for the Sultan, but was left unfinished for want of funds. All these little facts may, no doubt, be interesting to the officers of the North German navy, and more thought of by the French Admiralty than by the general public. Herr Graser

evidently counts on there being such a thirst for information as that which was lately ridiculed by Mr. Bernal Osborne, and thinks that even the thickness of a plank is a matter of universal significance. He carries this to such a pitch that, in describing a sea-fight, he talks of one ship losing a mast worth at least 15,000 thalers. We cannot imagine the captain of one of Nelson's ships exclaiming, in the heat of action, "There goes the foremast!—2,250*l.* out of the government's pocket!" Mr. Hannay tells a story of a midshipman who was about to be tried by a court-martial, and who, when the sitting of the court was announced by a gun, remarked, "Thank God, I've cost them fourpence for powder!" Under the well-regulated system described by Herr Graser, such reckless indifference to the public money would probably entail a much heavier sentence than a court-martial might otherwise think fit to impose.

Herr Graser wrote before the War, and it is significant of his economical disposition that he prefers a small fleet to a large one. England and France, he says, are bound to keep pace with all the new inventions, and to be constantly trying experiments which, before long, will be superseded. Not having a large fleet of iron-clads, Germany can wait till the various controversies now raging between broadsides and turrets, between horizontal and vertical fire, and between many other rival systems are finally settled, and can then build at the least cost upon the most approved principle. Meanwhile wooden ships and sailing ships have their uses. In the tropical climates to which exploring expeditions have been sent, wooden ships are much cooler than iron ships, and they are not so liable to be fouled by the growth of weeds and parasites. This is the reasoning of peaceful times. Sailing ships are necessary as a school for seamanship,—a point that is not neglected by the Germans. The training undergone both by young officers and by ships' boys is highly commendable. As has been the case in England for some years past, a ship is assigned for the express purpose of practising the cadets of the North German navy, and one of the masts is entirely worked by the cadets themselves. In the same way, two or three brigs are allotted to ships' boys, and there are preliminary schools in which these boys are educated at the expense of the State. It is perhaps worthy of notice that the cadets of the North German navy wear, as part of their uniform, the dirk which was formerly carried by midshipmen in our own service. According to Herr Graser, the uniform of the North German naval officers is too dear, is not sufficiently practical, and is marked by too great variety. He is good enough to add, that it resembles the naval uniforms of all other nations; so that, we presume, he includes all in one common censure. So far as we can see, only the pay of the admirals is given us, which seems strange in a book going so minutely into all other items of cost. There is at present only one full admiral, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and his pay amounts to 690*l.* a year, with 360*l.* for table-money. There is also one vice-admiral, with 660*l.*, and two rear-admirals, with 495*l.* each. As an English admiral receives 1,825*l.*, a vice-admiral 1,460*l.*, and a rear-admiral 1,095*l.*, and each has 1,642*l.* table-money, there is a considerable difference between the two countries; and,

under the circumstances, the English officers can better afford an expensive uniform.

One point upon which Herr Graser makes some rather original suggestions is the naming of the various ships in the North German Navy. As a rule, nothing is more absurd than the accumulation of places, animals, mythological characters, and human passions which adorn the Navy List. The Bellerophon and the Bulldog, the Medusa and the Hornet, the Vengeance and the Venus, may lie alongside of each other in happy ignorance that the ornament of a low sporting public is associated with a heathen goddess. Herr Graser proposes that all the vessels of one class should have names of the same character. Ironclad line-of-battle ships might be called after the heroes of Prussian history; corvettes might bear the name of battle-fields; some other class of vessels, which he does not say, might recall to memory the distinguished German artists and men of learning. The plan is perhaps worthy of consideration, though it might be incongruous if all its details were adopted. We do not know whether English sailors would be reconciled at once to Her Majesty's ship "Tennyson." Herr Graser's objection that such a name as the "Gazelle" has no historical significance seems to us overstrained. A light and graceful animal may well be associated with a light and graceful ship, and the capital picture of that ship which Herr Graser has given us of itself refutes his criticism. Had there been more of this kind of description in Herr Graser's volume, we should have felt that he had entered into the spirit of sea-life and into its poetry. As it is, we give him credit for having studied his subject with care, and having mastered all the details necessary to its comprehension; and at the present moment his work is one of unusual interest and importance.

Essays chiefly on Questions of Church and State from 1850 to 1870. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (Murray.)

DURING the twenty years over which these Essays range, their writer has been conspicuous as a champion of liberalism in the Church of England, and there has not been one great controversy all this time in which he has been unfaithful to his principles. In newspapers as in the pulpit, in the *Edinburgh Review* as in Convocation, he has pleaded for every form of thought, for the most extended toleration. When the Gorham judgment alarmed the High Church party, when the attack on Archdeacon Denison was made by their opponents, when 'Essays and Reviews' united High and Low in a common crusade, and when Ritualism stirred up at once contempt and hostility, there was one voice which never faltered. The same writer who called the Gorham judgment the Magna Charta of the liberties of the English Church declared that a condemnation of the doctrine of the Real Presence would exclude the one man whose loss all England would regret—John Keble. The same writer who exhorted the Church to tolerate Ritualism, was the unflinching defender of Bishop Colenso. The question at issue in the Gorham case, we are told in the first of these Essays, is no less than the question whether the Church of England is now, and is to continue, a national institution. If that is to be answered in the

affirmative, then the Church must make room for all those whom the zeal of their opponents, and their own imprudence in overstepping the safe line of compromise, may drag before the Courts. To the Dean of Westminster there is no intermediate policy between strict adherence to formularies and the broadest toleration. We must either exclude all who offend, or include them all. On what pretext are we to say that there may be two views about Baptism, but only one as to the authorship of the Pentateuch? And if this consideration is to be fatal to the Gorham school, how can we allow a difference of opinion on the subject of the Eucharist? Such consistency as this would soon reduce the Church of England to the most limited sectarianism. The Dean of Westminster reminds us that "under a strictly literal construction of the Articles, untempered by general considerations, any clergyman might be prosecuted and deprived of his benefice for holding (to give a few palpable and undeniable cases) that the Apocalypse [qv. Apocrypha] is part of Holy Scripture, that any member of the Greek Church can be saved, that Christ came to reconcile man to God, that oaths and wars are unlawful." We do not suppose that the most fervent zealots wish to bring about this state of things, but it would only be the logical consequence of much that has been attempted already. Parties in the English Church have generally demanded toleration for themselves, but scarcely one of them has been willing to extend it to others. Indeed, the old rule laid down by Macaulay is still accepted. "I am right and you are wrong. If you are in power, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to encourage the truth. But if I am in power, I ought to persecute you, for it is my duty to suppress error."

How the Dean of Westminster views this question appears from his Essay on Ritualism. He frankly confesses that in advocating the toleration of such opinions and practices, he is putting his principle to the severest possible test. He warns those who follow him that the effect of tolerating the Ritualists will not be to teach them the same practice. But even this prospect does not make him hesitate. He cannot conscientiously refuse others the privilege he claims for himself. The Free Church minister in Scotland who fervently ejaculated, "Oh! that we were all baptized into the spirit of the disruption!" may be a type of the consistent enemies of compromise, of those who will neither take nor give quarter. But such virtue is becoming rare, and we must either take to the opposite extreme or waver between the two. It would be well if the Dean of Westminster's example was to be followed more readily, and we notice some changes since his earlier essays were published. The leaders of ecclesiastical parties seem to have grown more moderate, and though the craters of former volcanoes, to adopt the simile which is taken in this volume from Burke, have thrown out fitful sparks, there is no longer the furious blaze of the first eruption. How much of this may be owing to Dean Stanley's constant efforts we cannot determine. As we look back upon each of the great controversies touched upon in these Essays, we scarcely detect any signs of progress. The violence of the High Church party against Mr. Gorham, of the Low Church party against Archdeacon Denison, and of both parties

against the 'Essays and Reviews' and Bishop Colenso, may seem to have been always equal in intensity. We could scarcely expect such agitations to be allayed by a quiet article in the *Edinburgh*, and we know that the vote in Convocation against the Bishop of Natal was not affected by Dean Stanley's protest. Had there been any hope of influencing the minds of those who acted upon a foregone conclusion, the case would have been very different. The characteristics of these Essays are such as to qualify them for peacemakers. There is nothing partisan about them. The writer does not advocate the toleration of opinions because he agrees with them, but because he wishes to do justice. Even where he shares some of the opinions of those whom he defends, he carefully shows that there are many points of disagreement. We have noticed the way in which he speaks of the Ritualists, a party with whom he probably has nothing in common. But in his treatment of 'Essays and Reviews' and of Bishop Colenso, he distinguishes between the love of free inquiry which he shares with those writers, and the iconoclastic spirit to which they have given way. It may be interesting to observe how, in addressing Convocation, he associates himself with Bishop Colenso, though this passage does not afford an exact illustration of the habit to which we have been alluding:—

"I might mention one whom you all know, who certainly on some of these matters has openly expressed the same opinions, I mean in principle, as the Bishop of Natal. I might mention one who, although on some of these awful and mysterious questions he has expressed no direct opinion, yet has ventured to say that the Pentateuch is not the work of Moses; who has ventured to say that there are parts of the Sacred Scriptures which are poetical and not historical; who has ventured to say that the Holy Scriptures themselves rise infinitely by our being able to acknowledge both that poetical character and also the historical incidents in their true historical reality; who has ventured to say that the narratives of those historical incidents are coloured not unfrequently by the necessary infirmities which belong to the human instruments by which they were conveyed,—and that individual is the one who now addresses you. If you pronounce against the Bishop of Natal on grounds such as these, you must remember that there is one close at hand whom, perhaps even with the Bishop of Oxford, certainly with Jeremy Taylor and with Athanasius in former times, you will be obliged to condemn. I am not unwilling to take my place, if so be, beside the distinguished prelate who presides over the great diocese in which I once resided. I am not unwilling to take my place with Gregory of Nyssa, with Jerome, and with Athanasius. But in that same goodly company I shall find the despised and rejected Bishop of Natal."

We have continued the quotation beyond the words bearing on the speaker himself, because the introduction of the other names is equally characteristic of Dean Stanley's method of argument. He is fond of bringing in subtle connexions between those to whom and those for whom he speaks. We are reminded alternately of "*Mutato nomine de te*," and of "Thou art the man!" The most striking instances of this practice are to be seen in the application to each party of the logical consequences of strict adherence to formularies. But on many other occasions the Dean finds unsuspected allies, and claims the support of the most orthodox names. Answering a taunt from Cardinal Wiseman against the Church of England for appealing from the High Priest's Hall to the Hall of Cæsar, he observes that

"this was exactly the course gladly pursued by the Apostle Paul before Festus, and that the judgment-seat of Pilate, the Roman magistrate, was the one opening of escape from the dark and iniquitous judgment of the High Priest, Caiaphas." Speaking of the literal treatment of Scripture, and coupling it with the old Scotchwoman's exclamation of incredulity on being told that a neighbouring laird was gone to Jerusalem, "Ye'll no tell me that there's such a place as Jerusalem on this earth," the Dean shows that this supposed blasphemy is distinctly countenanced by Keble. There is, no doubt, great pleasure in thus proving your case out of your adversary's mouth, but it may easily be overdone, and is then apt to degenerate into special pleading. Dean Stanley has, however, too many other resources to fall into this error. We regret that we cannot find room to quote many of the happy illustrations by which he relieves the most barren themes, and carries his readers on with unbroken attention. In the article on Ritualism the description of the vestments is aptly introduced by the story of De Tocqueville glancing from the scarlet robes of the peers, the official uniforms of the ministers, and the royal magnificence of the Sovereign, to the rough every-day dress of the Commons, and exclaiming "Voilà le maître!" In the article on the 'Essays and Reviews' judgment, we have the legend of a stately female form bearing a brasier of burning coals in one hand and a vase of water in the other, to dry up the rivers of Paradise with the coals and to quench the flames of hell with the water, that in future men might serve Religion for herself alone. While in the former essay devoted to the same book we have this vivid picture:—

"'Doubt,' says Professor Jowett, 'comes in at the window when Enquiry is denied at the door.' It is a parable worthy of John Bunyan. We almost see the venerable Sage, worn with anxious reverential research, rudely repelled by the sturdy guardians of orthodoxy from the wide portals at which he humbly knocks for admittance, whilst, aloft and behind, the grinning, chattering Imp has climbed in through the lattice and occupied the innermost chamber of the house."

So far we have dealt almost exclusively with the controversial writings. In the others these characteristics would not be so unusual. The biographical notices of Milman, Keble, Archdeacon Hare, and Philaret, Archbishop of Moscow, the description of the Passion Play in the Ober-Ammergau which is recurring this year, are marked by all Dean Stanley's vividness of style, and bring their subjects before us with the same clearness as the 'Life of Arnold' and the 'Sinai and Palestine.' The story of Archbishop Philaret and the Russian Governor who struck him in the face, the interview between Keble when Professor of Poetry and the young author of a prize poem, the sketch of the rustic Ammergau theatre, would all repay quotation; but we scarcely think it would be a worthy treatment of the author of this volume if we were to turn by preference to his lighter labours, and omit those which are more serious. Although Dean Stanley half apologizes in his preface for republishing papers which mark the successive stages of a theological conflict, it is important that the future should know what part he took in the battle. There may not appear to be any practical interest now in a review of the opinions held about Baptism down to the

judgment in the Gorham case, or in a summary of the contents of the once notorious 'Essays and Reviews.' Since a rival Bishop went out to Natal, we have scarcely heard the name of Colenso, and it may seem advisable hereafter to quiet any disturbance about one Bishop by sending another to keep him company. All these questions have their day and cease to be; others succeed and are alike forgotten; yet it is a great help to know that in the main controversies of our age the liberal side has been consistently maintained by such a writer as Dean Stanley. It is significant of his practice that in the very year which witnessed the disestablishment of the Irish Church he could bring out facts showing the existence of cordial feeling between Protestants and Roman Catholics:—

"It would be easy to multiply stories, some serious, some comical, of this kindly intercourse. The two Bishops of Cork not long ago met each other in the road between Cork and Kinsale, coming to restore their letters which had gone astray respectively to each. Their carriages stopped, and their prisoners were exchanged. The two last Archbishops of Dublin co-operated on the most friendly terms in the Board of National Education. Within the memory of aged persons of our own time, at the centenary of the deliverance of Londonderry, the two Bishops of Derry were seen walking side by side to assist in the Protestant cathedral at the services of joint thanksgiving. About the same period a farmer called to pay his rent to the Bishop of Limerick. He found him with another elderly gentleman seated by the fire, each with a pair of bagpipes. 'Wait,' said the Bishop, 'till you have heard us play a duet'; and 'Now go home and tell your friends that you heard a duet played together by the Protestant and Catholic Bishops of Limerick.'"

If we are rightly informed, there might have been an Archbishop of Dublin, who would have given even more striking proofs of Christian charity.

A Cruise in Greek Waters; with a Hunting Excursion in Tunis. By F. French Townsend, B.A., Captain 2nd Life Guards. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A SOLDIER of liberal education, in whom an enthusiasm for field-sports has not repressed the development of intellectual tastes, Capt. Townsend has visited foreign lands under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the traveller's enjoyment, and writes about them with the good humour and intelligence not uncommon in favourites of fortune, on whom the sun shines wherever they go, and who have the good sense to prefer invigorating pastimes to enervating pleasures. On growing weary of the London season or the leaden skies of an unpropitious summer in northern latitudes, he orders his yacht to be prepared for service, summons a few friends of congenial temper and good social quality, and together with his well-selected band of comrades sets sail for the blue waters of the South, and for lands abounding with memorials of romantic story or relics of ancient civilization. At times he is pleased to run along the coasts of sunny regions from harbour to harbour, now touching at a seaboard village and now visiting a maritime capital, whose fashions and humours he studies by day, whilst at nightfall he retires from their not salubrious streets, to sleep in the quiet of his floating house and breathe the purer air of the contiguous ocean: and at other times he quits his craft for days together to make an

excursion into the interior of a picturesque land, or to find work for his rifle in woods and wilds prolific of noble game. In these days, when tourists are numbered by tens of thousands, and one in every hundred of them is sure to put in print some record of his wanderings, we are not tempted to blame the historian of such a trip for taking us over old ground, and rarely telling us anything that has even the faintest savour of novelty. On the contrary, we are more disposed to commend the simple candour than to censure the commonplace qualities of the writer who is content to describe with no lavish expenditure of words what others have witnessed besides himself, and does not attempt to win a reputation for singular shrewdness by claiming credit for seeing what he never beheld. Now and then it must be admitted, to the author's disadvantage, that he is not altogether innocent of literary slovenliness. For instance, when he assures us that "late events have so fearfully illustrated the downward progress of Greece, that the whole world is now aware of the pitch of barbarism to which she has sunk," we might infer that, if Greece were to work her social regeneration and justify the sacrifices that have been made for the establishment of her independence, Capt. Townsend would speak of her as having risen to a depth of civilization and moral dignity.

From Lisbon, where he was shocked by the ugliness of the women, and experienced momentary astonishment on being asked to pay fourteen thousand reis for a dinner, which did not appear too costly when it was ascertained that that appalling sum amounted in reality to about three English guineas, Capt. Townsend, after witnessing a bull-fight of the Portuguese fashion, went to Malaga, where he soon saw enough to satisfy him that the last few years had wrought important changes in the national tone and manners of the Spaniards. "The old abject submission to the priest," which had painfully impressed the tourist on a previous visit, was no longer observable in the people, who have retrograded in politeness no less than they have advanced in intelligence:—

"Not only in religion and form of government has the Spaniard changed, but in habit, bearing, and dress the revolution is very remarkable, at least among the middle and upper classes. The extreme punctiliousness of manner which used to distinguish the Spaniards with whom I became acquainted six years ago has now almost disappeared; and the haughty but poor Don, who used to fast for a week in order that he might appear in fine cloth garments and cloak, and tall silk hat, has now given way to the more sensible gentleman, who condescends to dress according to his means, and appears in coloured garments of cheaper material and a round hat. The formal politeness which years ago, at Seville, induced a Spanish gentleman to offer me his breakfast because, being seated near me at table in the hotel, he was served with that meal before I was, has become a thing of the past, and the traveller now meets with much the same sort of treatment that he does in any other country. Though the gradual disappearance from among the 'cosas de España' of such peculiarities in Spanish manners and customs is in some things a gain, in others it is much to be regretted. That most becoming of all national costumes, the black dress and mantilla of the Spanish ladies, and fan managed with matchless skill, is now rapidly disappearing, even in Andalusia, and French costumes and bonnets have done much to detract from that grace of form and dress which, rather than beauty, used to distinguish the Spanish women. Fortunately, the lower classes still retain in a great

measure their gay and picturesque costume; and the guitar is as often strummed, and the dagger as often used, as in the days before the overthrow of the Bourbons."

Capt. Townsend's pictures of life in Algiers are vivid and truthful; and his narrative of boar-hunting in the Regency of Tunis is especially worthy of notice. The chapters on Athens, Eleusis, Corinth, Argos, Nauplia, the Grecian Islands and the Dardanelles—chapters, by the way, that are less important features of the volume than its title would seem to imply—are scarcely equal to the other portions of a work which, notwithstanding its defects and too strong savour of guide-book erudition, will enable many a reader to make in imagination a pleasant cruise about distant waters whilst lying upon the green-sward of an English lawn, beneath a canopy of rustling branches.

Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews. By T. H. Huxley, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

AMONGST those who attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Southampton in the year 1846, was a young man just twenty-one years of age, who had recently completed his medical studies at the Charing Cross Hospital in London, and, under the guidance of Sir John Richardson, was then studying at the neighbouring college of Haslar, with a view to entering the Navy as surgeon. That young man in the person of Prof. Huxley will this year be President of the Association,—the elected chief of the scientific men of Great Britain. Soon after the meeting at Southampton, he left England on a four years' voyage as surgeon to H.M.S. Rattlesnake; the appointment of naturalist having been already filled, a place in the ship was yet obtained for his pupil by Sir John, who had detected his ability and fostered his taste for zoological studies. During that voyage Mr. Huxley studied with great success the marine animals which were encountered, and communicated papers on their structure to the Royal and Linnean Societies. On his return to England, he at one time thought of pursuing the study of chemistry with a view to getting a living, but turned his attention, eventually, to human physiology, and translated, with his friend Mr. George Busk, Kölliker's Manual of Histology. After unsuccessfully applying for the chair of Physiology in King's College, London, and also for a chair in the University of Toronto, Canada, on the appointment of Edward Forbes to Edinburgh, in 1853, he succeeded that naturalist at the School of Mines as Professor of Natural History,—where he has remained ever since,—the course of his studies having been thus determined in the direction of comparative anatomy and palæontology. Prof. Huxley assumed his eminent scientific position almost at one step. His later contributions to scientific literature have not surpassed in value those which he produced when fresh from the four years' seclusion of his voyage; the paper on the cell theory, published in 1853, in which the most recent German doctrines are anticipated, and that on tegumentary organs, published a little later, being as important on account of the general views expressed in them as anything which he has since produced; unless perhaps his most recent speculations on geographical distribution be excepted. But

whilst his position as an eminent worker in science was soon achieved, the character in which Prof. Huxley comes before us in his volume of 'Lay Sermons,' and in which he is most widely known to the public, viz., that of a popular teacher and exponent of scientific thought, was not so rapidly assumed. It is, however, as a teacher and clear-headed thinker that his great merit lies both in his scientific aspect of biologist and his popular one of philosopher. One can hardly believe that the man who now so placidly addresses, without note or book, crowded audiences in choice language, unravelling the difficulties of a philosophic or scientific problem, suffered acutely at the commencement of his career in the effort of lecturing; yet this was the case. The earliest of the lectures in the present volume dates sixteen years since, and is not the less interesting on that account,—the others were delivered or written within the last five or six years; and it was about this time that Prof. Huxley gained the public ear, and every now and then delivered one of those lay sermons of which we may hope to see many more volumes. The popular evening lectures, at Jermyn Street, on Physiology, and the lectures to working men, coupled with the part which he took in the advocacy of Mr. Darwin's views, especially as applied to man, attracted that popular attention to Prof. Huxley which his eloquence in exposition and fearless honesty of criticism could not fail to retain. Nevertheless there are individuals, men of science as well as others, who think that our Professor is going beyond his last in instructing the public on philosophical and social questions: they would have him keep to his study and his microscope and be the one-sided hermit which we regret to think the typical man of science is popularly held to be. Those who would wish to restrict Prof. Huxley thus, or suppose that in popularizing philosophy he is treading on ground with which he is not thoroughly familiar, make a mistake. Mr. Congreve probably thought he had caught Prof. Huxley out of his element, when he rebuked him for depreciating the philosophy of Comte. The reply of the Professor in the masterly article on the 'Scientific Aspects of Positivism,' reprinted in this volume from the *Fortnightly Review*, must have astonished as much as it has silenced the over-ardent Comtist, whilst by the detailed acquaintance which it exhibits with the writings of Comte, it warrants us in the belief that Prof. Huxley, as a diligent student of philosophy, has the same right to speak on philosophical matters which as a biologist is allowed to him concerning the structures and functions of living things. It is worth noting that in the lecture delivered in 1854 (p. 88), Comte's fallacies with regard to the comparative method in scientific investigation and his habit of self-contradiction are pointed out.

The essays and lay sermons contained in this volume, which has, we believe, been anticipated by an American publisher, comprise six on education, and eight in which scientific or philosophical topics are handled for the edification of general readers. The first, 'On the Advantages of Improving Natural Knowledge,' delivered in 1866, and the third, on a 'Liberal Education,' dating from 1868, are to our thinking the most complete and carefully worked of the popular addresses, being in parts altogether remarkable for the purity of style and power of

expression displayed. The essay on 'Positivism,' and that on 'Geological Reform,' in which the aggressions of mathematicians, represented by Sir William Thomson, in the domain of geological speculation, are disputed, are the most profound in treatment, and exhibit great critical ability. It is as an intellectual sieve—as one who more readily than any other can separate the grain of truth from surrounding chaff, and present it to us clean and pure,—that Prof. Huxley may claim the gratitude of both those who study his strictly scientific works, as well as of those whom he addresses on more general subjects; and it is, perhaps, more in virtue of this power of mind than of any special discoveries in biological science—which our national disregard of scientific culture has never allowed him fair opportunity to pursue—that his name will go down to posterity. There is a freedom and independence of thought, an absence of prejudice, and a rigid determination to accept logical consequences in Prof. Huxley's way of looking at things, that has endeared his teaching to the majority of our younger men of science—even to those who cannot follow him to all his conclusions. But there is little in that teaching, if we may judge from the present volume, which honest men need fear to accept. There are persons who hold the name of Mr. Huxley as synonymous with irreverence, flippancy, and atheism; but no candid man can read these essays without discovering in them an earnest and religious spirit, full of reverence for the right and of devotion to a great cause—the advancement of the pursuit of that natural knowledge which is of such vital importance to our mental, as well as bodily, well-being. It is difficult to find atheism or arrogant dogma in what follows. Speaking of the germ of religion, Prof. Huxley says, after quoting Homer's shepherd who gladdens in his heart when the stars and moon shine out,—

"If the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow,—the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and the unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies."

In his earliest lecture, after stating his belief that "there is definite government of this universe—that its pleasures and pains are not scattered at random but are distributed in accordance with orderly and fixed laws," he says, "I cannot but think that he who finds a certain proportion of pain and evil inseparably woven up in the life of the very worms, will bear his own share with more courage and submission." And he finishes his address by declaring the man who has not sought acquaintance with the science of living things, to be "ignorant of facts of the deepest importance for his own and others' welfare; blind to the richest sources of beauty in God's creation; and unprovided with that belief in a living law and an order manifesting itself in and through endless change and variety, which might serve to check and moderate that phase of despair

through which, if he take an earnest interest in social problems, he will assuredly sooner or later pass." It is possibly such sentences as the following which have caused Prof. Huxley to be regarded with so much horror in some quarters: "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin;" and this sweeping but unjust classification of the clergy, for whom he has small liking: "In fact the clergy are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge." But for the Protestant clergy he has kindly feelings as compared with "our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church," who rank as Napoleon's Old Guard—whilst the Anglicans are compared to the Volunteers. In his last paper, that on 'Descartes' Discourse,' he has a telling passage *à propos* of the "great antagonist." After deploring the triumph of the Cardinal Inquisitor over Galileo, and the follies of the Schoolmen, he turns to the present, and now he observes, "Charity children would be ashamed not to know that the earth moves; while the schoolmen are forgotten; and the Cardinals—well, the Cardinals are at the Ecumenical Council, still at their old business of trying to stop the movement of the world."

Of education there are many things of deep interest said in these papers; education and the due share of a training in physical science in it, are subjects which Prof. Huxley has near at heart. These are noble words—"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learnt to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vile-ness, and to respect others as himself." p. 39. In advocating, with all the power he can muster, the cause of the natural sciences in education, he is led to suggest "a scientific Sunday School in every parish." He has nothing but strong condemnation for the false logic of those who "object, that they find it derogatory to the honour of the God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them those laws which must needs be His laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know." Mr. Huxley does not run into extremes in his advocacy of the claims of science in education. He observes—"There are other forms of culture besides physical science; and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic

culture for the sake of science." Elsewhere he says, "I have the greatest respect and love for literature; nothing would grieve me more than to see literary training other than a very prominent branch of education." And again, in another place, he speaks feelingly as one who has had grateful experience of taking "refuge in the great source of pleasure without alloy, the serene resting-place for worn human nature—the world of Art." Of the relation of our two great universities to education, he has formed an estimate that is partly true and partly false. He wisely says, "This is an awful subject, and one I almost fear to touch with my unhallowed hands." The dictum of the Commissioners of 1850 is quoted:—"The fact that so few books of profound research emanate from the University of Oxford materially impairs its character as a seat of learning, and consequently its hold on the respect of the nation." Twenty years have somewhat changed this state of things, and the reproaches addressed to Oxford and Cambridge are rather overcharged. Prof. Huxley sees an example, which might be advantageously imitated, in the German universities. "The Germans dominate the intellectual world by virtue of the same simple secret as that which made Napoleon the master of old Europe. They have declared *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and every Bursch marches with a professor's gown in his knapsack. Let him become a great scholar or man of science, and ministers will compete for his services. In Germany, they do not leave the chance of his holding the office he would render illustrious to the tender mercies of a hot canvass and the final wisdom of a mob of country parsons."

With regard to how, when, and what to teach in Physical Science, some expressions of opinion are to be gathered from this volume which are worth consideration. Prof. Huxley would have every child instructed in what the Germans call "Erdkunde," and for which our nearest equivalent is Physical Geography; and he would also have elementary chemistry and the elements of human physiology taught in every school. In answer to the question, When should scientific education be commenced? he would say, With the dawn of intelligence. There is nothing which Prof. Huxley insists on more, in connexion with this subject, than the necessity of a practical study by the student and of actual acquaintance on the teacher's part with the facts and things under study.—

"If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere bookwork it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretence to be anything but bookwork. . . Mere book learning in physical science is a sham and a delusion: what you teach unless you wish to be impostors, that you must first know; and real knowledge in science means personal acquaintance with the facts, be they few or many."

Rightly is a word said in favour of lectures, which some weak teachers have tried to dispense with:—

"The object of lectures is, in the first place, to awaken the attention and excite the enthusiasm of the student; and this, I am sure, may be effected to a far greater extent by the oral discourse and by the personal influence of a respected teacher than in any other way."

A short article from the *Reader* in its best days is reprinted as the second essay in this volume, in which so good a word is said on

the question of woman's rights that we can but quote it. After discussing some aspects of female emancipation, Mr. Huxley remarks, that as long as potential motherhood is her lot, it is to be feared that woman will be found to be fearfully weighted in the race of life; but, he says, "the duty of man is to see that not a grain is piled upon that load beyond what nature imposes; that injustice is not added to inequality." These words are simple fairness, which the advocates of woman's rights will gladly remember; the extent of their meaning is explained by previous paragraphs, in which the study of medicine, law, and philosophy is yielded to the claims of "sweet girl graduates."

Besides writers on philosophy, the frequency with which Goethe, Dante and the Bible are quoted by Prof. Huxley cannot but strike one who looks through this volume, or has listened to many of his lectures. It is a good thing to quote Goethe, no doubt, but this may be carried a little too far, as is Greek quotation by another eminent biological professor. Are not the plays of Shakspeare as good for his purpose as the pages of Goethe or Dante? We suppose not; however, Prof. Huxley atones for his slighting our great poet by his remarkable acquaintance with the text of Scripture. In these lectures and others, the Bible has often served him with an illustration or an appropriate half-sentence. It is not only in his use of biblical language and allusions that Prof. Huxley resembles another great popular orator, to wit, Mr. Bright, but also in his skilful use of homely illustrations, which are sometimes made to give a humorous, at other times a more serious turn to his discourse. "Will you give a man," he asks, "with this much information a vote? In easy times he sells it for a pot of beer. Why should he not? It is of about as much use to him as a chignon, and he knows as much what to do with it for any other purpose." In another place he compares common sense and science—the one to the club wielded by the brawny arm of an untutored savage, the other to the polished weapon with which the guardsman gives his cut and thrust; "the sword exercise is only the hewing and poking of the club-man developed and perfected." A beautiful allegory is that of the game of chess, in which he supposes each man and woman of us to be engaged.—

"The chess-board is the world, the pieces are phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life."

Those who have read these lectures and essays as they have appeared will be glad to have them together in one volume; whilst the earlier ones will probably be new to many who have made Prof. Huxley's acquaintance as a teacher of late years. The reply to Prof. Kölliker's criticism of Darwin's theory and to Flou-

rens' astonishing outburst on the same subject will, no doubt, interest a larger class to-day than when first published in the *Natural History Review*. Moreover, persons, whether hostile or friendly, who are interested in knowing what are the beliefs and aspirations of an increasingly powerful body of the younger men of science, will be able to form a correct notion on this point from the study of these papers by its representative man.

The Student's Manual of Irish History. By M. F. Cusack. (Longmans & Co.)

Lectures on the History of Ireland (Second Series) from A.D. 1534 to the Date of the Plantation of Ulster. By Alexander G. Richey. (Same publishers.)

THE most patriotic work to which in the present day an Irishman could set himself, would be a history of his country. The task would be severe, and it is probable that, though after-ages might do justice to a truth-seeking scholar, in his own time the author of such a work would receive small praise, and would probably be the subject of virulent attack from Ultramontanes and Orangemen, Saxons and Celts. When we have an accurate knowledge of the main events of Irish history, a point which is as yet by no means attained, it will then be possible to write a manual of the subject for the use of students. But, at present, a book of this kind can only be a summary of the current ideas on Irish history, most of which are based upon the statements of ill informed or unprincipled writers. In the manual before us the prejudices of the writer lead her to attribute more to religious influences than they were probably concerned in, but, with this exception, her history is not otherwise than an impartial statement of the usually received accounts of events. The authoress divides her history, from the earliest times to the Union, into five periods, but these are by no means such as the course of events indicate.

Disregarding minor circumstances and incidents of but passing importance, we believe that Irish history from the most remote recorded times to the present day may be divided into two great periods. The first comprises the rise, the reign and the gradual ruin of Celtic civilization: the second records the foundation and maintenance of the state which was built up when the old structure was completely levelled, and of which our own times have seen the decline. It may be called the period of the Protestant oligarchy. The meeting-point of these two periods is the reign of James the First.

The thoroughness and antiquity of civilization in Ireland, and its apparent isolation from all contemporary culture make it a study of the highest interest, and fortunately it is not, like the investigation of Etruscan politics or Pictish literature, one of those occupations in which zeal is likely to meet with little to reward its toil: it seems probable that the more industriously the mass of manuscript Irish literature is coned, the more we shall know of the early art, law and literature of the country. It is certain that the elaborate legal system which was codified in the fifth century was at that time respected and obeyed throughout the island, and had already acquired such sacredness from its antiquity as to be thought

unalterable. From the regulations contained in these laws, as well as from other early writings, it is clear that literature, medicine and music had been studied for centuries. The art of working in metals had at an early period, as numerous existing specimens testify, reached an elaboration of design and a neatness of workmanship which it must have taken ages to attain; and the fact that the origin of this art in Ireland was attributed to the Tuatha Da Danaans, very early settlers in the island, is collateral evidence of the length of time for which it had been practised. One tradition points to the advance of the early Irish in mechanical surgery. The king Nuadha having lost his hand in battle, Diancecht, his physician, treated the wound, and an artificer was found who replaced the lost member by a silver hand, furnished with proper joints.

Irish history differs from that of England in an important particular—the time of the formation of the national ideas and character. The study of the history of England before the Norman Conquest is rather of value to the antiquarian than to the practical politician; but a thorough acquaintance with the institutions and history of Ireland, before the introduction of the foreign element which began in the reign of Henry the Second, is absolutely essential for a knowledge of the Irish character. It was in those early times that the mind of the Irish nation was formed. The broad statements of the ethnologist are not sufficient, and accurate notions of the nature of the Irish people can never be based upon the general definitions of Celts given in natural histories of mankind. It is difficult to say how far institutions are the offspring and how far the parents of national character; but, as a study of the history of Parliament will give a far juster knowledge of what the English nation really is than a thousand disquisitions on the origin of the Saxons, so we are sure that an examination of the Brehon laws and their contemporaneous institutions will give the student a truer notion of the Irish than all the conjectures of anthropologists. We regret that the sketch which Mrs. Cusack gives of the *Senchus Mor* is not fuller and more accurate; and in passing from her manual, in many respects useful, we cannot help remarking that the numerous inaccuracies in spelling and occasional erroneous quotations show a deficiency in scholarship which the writer of an elementary work ought to have avoided.

Mr. Richey's lectures are a valuable contribution to the history of the foundation of what Acts of Parliament used to term the Protestant Interest in Ireland. In his first lecture he describes the state of Ireland in 1535, and he traces the various changes in its condition up to the establishment of English law and Protestant supremacy in the reign of James the First. In 1534 Ireland was ruled by a number of potentates all really, but none nominally, independent. The Lord Deputy was about as subordinate to the King of England as the Pasha of Egypt now is to the Sultan. Ulster, Connaught, and the greater part of Munster, were governed by Irish chiefs and under the Irish law. The seaport towns were strong communities, and among their citizens English law had force. The inhabitants of the Pale, though nominally under the direct protection of the King, were really almost without legal protection of any kind. They

suffered all the exactions of feudalism, and had none of its advantages. What the legal impositions of their lords did not take from them the lawless incursions of the Irish deprived them of. By day the Norman lord drove off part of their cattle for coyne and livery, and by night an Irish chieftain might sweep the remainder across the Pale. For weeks they were obliged to follow a baron of the Pale on his hostings, and at another time were forced to fly from their farms before some armed band from beyond the Pale.

Outside the Pale, Irish law was administered by the native chieftains with tolerable fairness. Mr. Richey shows how little the English rule in Ireland was guided by consistent policy, and he justly points out that the way in which men of every race—Celt, Saxon, Norman—were affected by the state of the country proves that its disorder was owing, not to a national incapacity for order, but to a conflict of interests which prevented the establishment of any central power competent to suppress petty tyranny and to maintain justice. The general policy which Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, Elizabeth and James the First pursued in Ireland was that of Plantation. Plantation meant the establishment of Englishmen as landowners in Ireland, the extermination of native proprietors, and the reduction of the inhabitants at large to slavery. The first trial of this policy on a large scale was in the King's and Queen's counties. Two tribes, the O'Mores and O'Connors, were dispossessed, and the tribe-lands granted to Englishmen, the body of the tribe being retained to work the soil. Plantation was next tried in Munster, after the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, and was carried out more extensively still by James the First in Ulster. Writers who have supposed that these plantations caused a large English admixture are mistaken. The planters were but a handful of men in each county. Though often of mean birth whence they came, they always assumed the position of squires on their new estates: they despised the Irish, and married amongst themselves. What they got easily they spent readily; and improvidence, the hostility of the natives, and the discomforts of a conquered country, caused them to emigrate in great numbers. A few of their descendants still remain in Ireland, but they have produced no important change in the Irish race. Mr. Richey narrates all the horrors which the Plantation policy gave rise to, and he aptly describes the Plantation of Ulster as the division of the spoil of the wars of Queen Elizabeth. His account of the establishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and his sketch of the careers of Shan O'Neil and Hugh O'Neil are full of interest, and will give the reader some idea how tangled is the web of Irish history.

The Blunders of Vice and Folly: and their Self-acting Chastisements. By John George Hargreaves. (Strahan & Co.)

REMINING us of those more persevering than fortunate mechanicians who spend years of strenuous effort in fabricating machinery only to ascertain after all their labour that their devices are infringements of existing patents or bootless reproductions of disused contrivances, Mr. Hargreaves offers us as novel truths some of the most familiar truisms of

moral philosophy, and asks us to accept as new remedies for the evil propensities of human nature certain well-known illustrations of the advantageous consequences of virtuous action. "Looking at the matter deliberately," he observes in the last sentence of his volume,—"looking at it ultimately, looking at it alternately, again I say vice is folly, virtue is wisdom,—vice is misery, virtue happiness,—vice is warfare, virtue peace,—vice is a craven, contemptible thing, virtue is a conquering, unconquerable power." From thoughtful observation of the ways and experiences of men, the disappointments of the wicked and the satisfactions of the good, he has arrived at the conclusion that every crime is a blunder, and that sinners should be ridiculed or pitied as insane persons who exercise the faculties of their diseased minds in securing for themselves various degrees of wretchedness. Every vicious habit is productive of retributive sufferings, the dread of which would deter most men of morbid proclivities from perseverance in wickedness if they were fully enlightened respecting the nature and consequences of sin. Could it discern its true interests, Selfishness would assume the graces and walk in the paths of Benevolence. Such are the results of Mr. Hargreaves's survey of crime and its fruits: and it is needless to say that in so far as they relate to the general consequences of immorality we have no inclination to question the correctness of his representations. But it is not in our power to commend the originality of the moralist who is never true without being commonplace. His principal doctrines are not calculated to startle a people whose chief poet more than three centuries since taught that men's pleasant vices are the instruments whereby outraged Nature chastizes them for their offences against her laws, and whose folk-lore declares that honesty is the best policy and virtue its own reward. Without claiming merit for a distinct discovery in morals Coleridge, with apt humour, defined a rogue as a fool with a circumbendibus. Mr. Hargreaves writes many a page in demonstration of the familiar definition, and would have us regard the truth of the concise aphorism as one of his peculiar contributions to moral science.

Had Mr. Hargreaves confined himself to didactic illustration of his favourite notions respecting immorality, he would have produced an altogether unentertaining work; but, fortunately for his readers, he enlivens his pages with stories of famous instances of moral aberration, and in the delight of telling anecdotes often loses sight of the main purpose of his labours. Not that his personal stories are more novel than his opinions. The narrator who drags into an essay on 'The Ancient Art of Fribbing' the story of Theodore Hook's 'Berners Street Hoax,' and reproduces in another paper some of Mr. Cyrus Redding's choicest tales about remarkable misers, has drawn his biographical instances from volumes that may be found on the shelves of nearly every sea-side circulating library. They lack the charm of newness, and are sometimes of questionable accuracy. The author's anecdotes will afford amusement to readers who will detect at a glance the flimsiness and weakness of the more serious parts of his performance. Most of the stories are apposite to the writer's arguments, and nearly all of them are re-told with a sprightliness and a manifest relish of their

humour that cannot fail to render them acceptable to lovers of old gossip. But though we have little to urge against the author's choice of familiar stories, and even less to object against the style in which he reproduces them, he has much to learn about the idiosyncrasies of vicious dispositions, and the motives which impel men to seek gratification in evil courses. If we except from consideration the one very small class of avaricious creatures who hoard their wealth in receptacles that withhold it from circulation and the consequent growth which inordinate lovers of money, even more than ordinarily prudent persons, desire, Mr. Hargreaves is not justified in saying of any typical miser, "So long as he lives, his wealth is utterly profitless to the community; the sole condition which can restore its value is his removal." Money invested in the public funds, or any of the commercial enterprises which find employment for capital, is equally beneficial to society whether the dividends accruing from it be paid to a man who spends them for himself, or to one who hands them over to other persons to spend for him with a view to his still further enrichment. The invested accumulations of John Elwes were not less beneficial to his country because the poor madman could not find heart to spend an insignificant fraction of his stupendous income on comforts for his own miserable body. Through falling into an obvious error with respect to the injurious results of miserly practices, Mr. Hargreaves misses a no less obvious opportunity of demonstrating the contemptible insignificance of the sordid accumulator, whose vice whilst yielding the sharpest punishment to himself occasions society nothing worse than local and trivial inconvenience, and whose wealth becomes much less his own property than the possession of society, from whom he would fain withhold it. Even in the places where he comes nearest to a true view of the miser's ludicrous insignificance in the social system, and a just appreciation of the unhappy creature's cruelty to himself, the author fails to detect the conditions which afford the niggard some compensation for his self-imposed misery, and to see the peculiar enjoyment which is at the same time his motive and reward.

The pursuit of money is one of the several games of life which are largely popular with mankind. Though it seldom has attractions for the young, they are exceptional men who pass the term of middle life without trying their luck at it with some degree of zeal and resoluteness. It is not too much to say that, of men in the middle term of existence and in comfortable circumstances, two out of every three endeavour to acquire more money than they would care to spend; and that in doing so they are actuated chiefly by the same motives which induce them to prove their skill at any other fascinating and difficult sport. With the majority of men who make trial of the pleasures of money-gaining, the excitement of the game is, in the first instance, only one of several vivid emotions to which they have recourse for the sake of immediate exhilaration quite as much as for ulterior advantage. The pleasure of overcoming the difficulties which beset the pursuer of wealth in the earlier stages of the sport, and the delight which attends success in a field of enterprise that has comparatively few prizes for the vast multitude

of aspirants, would render the game widely attractive even if the winners in the race gained nothing more substantial than social distinction. Of the many who make trial of the sport, some lose heart after a few unlucky ventures; others withdraw in obedience to moral forces that forbid them to devote their life to the chase; not a few retire after an initiatory course of moderate successes, on conceiving a distaste for peculiar excitements of the game: but those to whom the pastime proves congenial seldom relinquish a sport which, from obvious causes, becomes more and more fascinating as the players grow in years, and is especially adapted to old age because the infirmities of life's last stage are no impediments in its pursuit. More merciful to a rich man's wealth than to aught else of his possessions, Time spares him his land and money, whilst it slowly despoils him of other endowments; or rather, whilst rapidly weakening him in every other respect, actually increases his ability to win riches. The hands, which gout and age have rendered unable to deal a pack of cards, can still draw cheques and acknowledgments. Their owner may have lost the power to avoid defeat at every other game, but he can still distinguish himself at money-making. Every quarter-day gives the lie to those who suggest that he has outlived his powers, for it demonstrates arithmetically his increased ability to carry off the stakes for which so many contend in vain. When Thackeray maintained that a good hand of cards was the best of all flatterers, he forgot the subtle and delicate and incontestable adulation which every circular announcing the payment of another dividend affords to the senile capitalist, who grows stronger in purse as he becomes weaker in brain. "Then, too, the fine waggy of punishment (if I may so speak)," says Mr. Hargreaves, "is exemplified in the fact that avarice increases with age, and that the miser becomes more and more enslaved to gold as his power of enjoying it is lessened and his term of lordship, or rather of keepership, is abridged." In thinking that the miser's delight in his acquisitions diminishes with the growth of time, Mr. Hargreaves is altogether wrong. On the contrary, the peculiar enjoyment of the miser increases in proportion as he approaches the condition in which he loses all ability to care for anything but the delight of having much and getting more.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

Money's Worth. By Tom Hood. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

Long Odds. By Marcus Clarke. (Melbourne, Clarson & Co.)

THE author of 'Money's Worth' explains in the Preface the peculiar characteristic of the work in the following words: "It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to apologize for making the hero of my novel one of my own craft. . . . But it has often struck me that the typical writer met with in fiction has been a being nobody ever met with in real life, and that he, consequently, gave people very erroneous impressions. I have, therefore, in this story endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to give a plain and unexaggerated picture of the struggles of a young beginner in the *métier*, hoping it may prove not uninteresting to the reader, even though it be not sensational."

We anticipated, from this, a story in which the literary gentleman would play the principal part, and were rather disappointed to find him only occupying a secondary position in the scenes depicted. In truth, while cordially acknowledging that the character of Lancelot Oldham is naturally depicted, and perfectly distinct from the usual vulgar type of *littérateur* met with in fiction, we must say that his life seems a particularly commonplace one. Beyond the facts that he was one of the staff of "The Daily Cockerow," and some time editor of the "Obelisk," and that on the premature decline of the daily paper he was temporarily out of employment, the professional part of his life, which the author has nominally devoted the present work to illustrate, has absolutely nothing in it to be noted. As to the domestic part of Lancelot's career, it is simplicity itself. An early marriage with a pretty wife, and a wonderful baby, constitute its only salient features. If the present work relied entirely upon the nominal hero for its story, we should not be able to say as much for it as we can. There are, however, several individuals of more or less well-pronounced rascality who create plenty of "diversion," and afford Mr. Hood good opportunities for studies of the different types of mankind, which he avails himself of with considerable skill. The virtues of this work in a literary point of view are two in number: the one is the power that the author displays of appreciating and delineating different shades of character so that the reader recognizes at once the portrait and its resemblance to nature; the other is the vivacity of style and "go" which make every page of the book readable. It will be seen that these are tolerably good qualities to start with, and such as are pretty sure to make a successful novel; and successful, to a certain extent, the present work is, but not so thoroughly so as it would be but for the following drawbacks: Mr. Hood must not feel hurt when we say that 'Money's Worth' gives evident signs of not only great haste, but of worse—great carelessness. It is as if he had all along been only mindful of *how* he was writing, not of *what* he was writing. If we judged from the impression their perusal created upon us, we should say that when the author commenced the first of his three volumes he had not the slightest idea what the tale was to be, but trusted that as he went on incidents would suggest themselves and enable him to make some kind of a story up before he had quite done. If we are mistaken in this, and Mr. Hood really has devoted some short time to the subject-matter of his writing, we can only quarrel with the want of ability which has produced such a straggling, uninteresting narrative as that contained in 'Money's Worth.' But we do not for a moment attribute the defect to want of ability, for it is patent, from the merits of the book in other respects, that the cause of its comparative failure is want of forethought and lack of appreciation of the difficulty that always attends the concoction of a good framework for a novel. There is one weakness in particular, which could easily have been avoided by a little trouble, and which surprised us very much as coming from Mr. Hood, although we are used to it from others: we allude to the errors of law that abound. Not to mention the laxity with which the proceedings in the trial of Mr. Scardrake are conducted, although

they are somewhat startling to a lawyer, we must express our unmitigated astonishment at the author's notions of the liability of trustees. Without entering into details which would be uninteresting to a general reader, we will merely suggest one little difficulty in Mrs. Clayter's way which would probably prevent her rendering the hero and Capt. Hassard liable as defaulting trustees. *These gentlemen were never trustees for her*, seeing that they were trustees for a totally different class of people, and had no knowledge whatever of her existence. The persons, if any, that Mrs. Clayter should have proceeded against were the trustees of her own marriage settlement, and not the trustees of the settlement of the second Mrs. Clayter, who had nothing whatever to do with the former trusts. Besides, as all the mischief arose from Mrs. Clayter's own acts, in absconding and feigning death, we think it would be found rather difficult in practice for her to find a remedy against any one. But we do not wish to dwell on mere mistakes of law, except so far as they bear out our general charge of carelessness: only it is so astonishing that novelists should make the silly mistakes in the very simplest points of law that they constantly do.

However, we do not intend by this review to give an unfavourable opinion of 'Money's Worth' on the whole, for we willingly acknowledge its merits and its very readable and amusing character, but only to express our regret that the author should not do himself the justice that he might, and permit himself to write a work that we could warmly and thoroughly applaud without any reservation.

'Long Odds' is an Australian work published in Melbourne, and originally appeared in the *Colonial Monthly*, a magazine which then acknowledged Mr. Clarke as its proprietor and editor. The author seems to have been taken to task in the colonies for laying the scene in England instead of in Australia, but so long as he is able to acquit himself satisfactorily of his undertaking, and is really conversant with England and her ways, we do not think he is to be blamed for writing about the mother country for the edification of his brother colonists. We are bound to say that the author shows himself quite at home in his descriptions of English life, and that he has produced a very amusing tale. The hero is a young Australian of the Sam Buckley stamp, who passes through a variety of experiences over here in the shooting, gambling, and fashionable "lines," and, lastly, but not least, in the love-making "line." We shall not attempt to sketch the history of his life, but merely state that there appears on the scene a most "owdacious" blackguard, who is ultimately punished according to his deserts, and who is of such transcendent villany as to merit special notice, and that the young hero's love affairs, though clouded at first, are at the end as light and prosperous as possible. The book is full of descriptions of sport which are, in the main, excellent, and there is a freshness and quickness about the writing which is not often met with. Taking it altogether, there are very few novels published this season which deserve as much praise as 'Long Odds,' and we think our fellow countrymen in Australia ought to be thankful at having such an author as Mr. Marcus Clarke among them.

Die Provenzalische Poesie der Gegenwart. Von Eduard Böhmer. (Halle, Barthel.)

To students of contemporary France, it has been known for the last fifteen or twenty years that a poetical movement has been going on in Provence, which strives to become a national one. Half a generation back, several poets, who took the scarcely explainable name of *Felibre*, set themselves the task of restoring to the Provençal dialect the literary life that it had almost lost since the sixteenth century. It is true that, between the time of the Troubadours and that of the *Felibre*, a fairly respectable quantity of poetry had been published in the Provençal dialect; but these were only isolated attempts, mere *jeux d'esprit*: none of them exercised the least influence on the tendencies of their contemporaries. The *Felibre*, on the other hand, work together, and with a special aim. They have their common organ, the *Armana Prouvençau*, or Provençal Almanack, in which they yearly publish their compositions; and of this collection, which is now in its sixteenth year of life, 6,000 copies are every year sold, chiefly in the country districts, where the Provençal dialect is better preserved than in the towns. These 6,000 copies must represent at least from 40,000 to 50,000 readers. The *Felibre* have their meetings sometimes in one town, sometimes in another, where they propagate the taste for poetry and the love of their native tongue. In 1868, for example, several of them met at Barcelona (where a movement of Catalan renaissance is springing up), on the occasion of the *fête de the Juechs Florals*, or Floral Games, which was celebrated with unusual solemnity.

This is the literary movement of which Prof. Böhmer has related the rise and the history in the little volume before us, which is full of facts and ideas. The facts have been collected in Provence itself, from the mouth of the *Felibre*; and it would certainly be hard to have got better information. The extracts that Prof. Böhmer gives from Provençal poems are also well chosen, and his translations are elegant and faithful.

The Professor's starting-point is the starting-point of the poets whose deeds and works he makes known; namely, that the native tongue of one-third of France is the *langue d'oc*, and that this native tongue must be defended against the invasion of French, which, to the South, is simply a foreign language. No doubt this is true; and the philologist will assuredly regret the disappearance of an interesting dialect, like the naturalist does the disappearance of antediluvian animals, which he can now only study in badly-preserved bones. But it is a law, that every people which has lost its nationality must, sooner or later, lose its language too; and this is the reason that the number of languages goes on decreasing in proportion as small populations merge and amalgamate into large empires. This is a question of fact on which we cannot agree with Prof. Böhmer. In his eyes, Germany forms but one nationality, because it speaks but one language; while France forms two nations because she speaks two tongues. If this argument is good, France must be at least five nations, for her inhabitants talk, besides French and the different dialects of the *langue d'oc*, Breton, Basque and German.

In truth, language is but an outward sign, and often a deceiving one; for it always survives, for a greater or less time, the fusion of several nations into one. In the case before us, too, the comparison put forward by Prof. Böhmer is not well chosen; for there is almost as much difference between High German and Low German as between the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc*. Both these varieties of French have the same origin, the vulgar or country Latin; and each resembles the other more than it does any of the other descendants of Latin.

However, whether the *Felibre* succeed or not in re-creating the national feeling in the south of France, their work is none the less worthy of our interest and sympathy. Like attempts are being made in different parts of Europe, but in few places have they succeeded in producing poets of the greatness of Mistral, or works equal to 'Mireio' and 'Calendau.'

PAUL MEYER.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

An Editor's Tales. By Anthony Trollope. (Strahan & Co.)

IN a single volume half-a-dozen tales are put together for lazy readers. They are to literature, properly so-called, what an idle pen-and-ink outline, dashed off at random, is to art. They are reading for sea-side loungers who cannot bestow much thought on what they read. There is nothing in the stories to put a strain upon their mental powers, and there is as little they will care to remember, less that they will not easily and comfortably forget. Such stories are as so many caprices. Genius has the prerogative of being capricious, but caprices do not necessarily imply that Genius exists with them. As experiences of an editor's life, the tales tell us nothing trustworthy, for we are not informed where fiction ends or fact, if there be any, begins. Altogether, the book is hardly worthy of the author.

A Glance at some of the Principles of Comparative Philology, as illustrated in the Latin and Anglian Forms of Speech. By Lord Neaves. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THIS book is the substance of a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. As it only contains thirty-eight pages, notes and all, it is clear that we can have no more than a "glance." Indeed it is not very clear what the "principles" are. Lord Neaves considers that there are two sets of laws—"those that fix the relations between large classes of languages to each other, and those which characterize individual languages" (p. 11). In illustration, we have for the first set the phenomena of "Grimm's Law": for the second, we have certain phonetic changes in Latin and in English. But where are the principles? These are only facts.

Lord Neaves's statements are generally accurate; but there are not wanting indications that his study of philology has been only (what he himself calls it) "pleasing relaxation from severer pursuits." We have suspicious-looking roots—such as *mea* (p. 12), to explain *mensis*. If Lord Neaves had compared *ensis*, and others, with their equivalents in Sanskrit, he would have seen that the nasal is no part of the root. He thinks (p. 26) that the English "man" may possibly come from *manus*. In p. 37 we are told that we may safely reject the supposition that the termination of *circundo* has anything to do with the Greek "root *theu*"; that is *the*, the primitive *dha*. Lord Neaves seems not to be aware that the *h* in such cases was regularly dropped in Latin in the middle of a word, so that the connexion of the two forms is quite probable, and is confirmed by the evidence of the Sanskrit. Indeed he starts on his road with the feeling of a pioneer in untravelled lands. May we comfort him by suggesting that even though "the field of Latin idiosyncrasia is not yet fully explored," a good deal has been done by Corssen; the second volume of the second edition of his great book has just

appeared, extended to the comfortable size of more than a thousand pages. It is true that Lord Neaves does not pretend to write for scholars, but even the general public has learnt some philology from Prof. Max Müller. Accordingly, while we have no doubt that Lord Neaves has derived both pleasure and profit from his philological researches, we cannot think that they will do much for the world in general.

A Code of English Law (Principles and Practice) for Handy Reference in a Solicitor's Office. By Frederick Richard Syms, Solicitor. Parts I. and II. (Stevens & Sons.)

THIS work purports to be a "short code of all the most important common points likely to occur during study or practice" in a solicitor's office. The author states in his Preface that the "work is a first effort, and therefore imperfect from every point of view." Whether he means that the book is the result of his first effort at authorship, or that it is in point of time the first work of its kind, does not appear. We agree with him, however, that it is very imperfect. The arrangement of its contents is bad; the language is mostly loose and inaccurate; and the law is in many places very imperfectly stated. We give one extract as an illustration of the way in which the book has been compiled. Under the head 'How a Will is made,' page 56, Part II., the author says, "The will must be written, and signed and declared by the testator in the presence of two witnesses." He omits altogether to mention a part of the ceremony which is absolutely necessary to the validity of the will, namely, its attestation and subscription by the witnesses in the testator's presence. The above extract may, moreover, leave unlearned readers in doubt whether a will should be written as well as signed in the presence of the witnesses. It does not appear to us that the book can be of use to any one.

Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Session 1868-9. (Liverpool, Holden.)

THE Society's new volume opens with the address of their President, Mr. Joseph Mayer. This gentleman seems to have been elected because he is too busily engaged to be able to attend; and he gratefully assures his hearers, in the address, that whenever he is absent in body he is present in heart: so we suppose it is all the same. The Society do not confine their researches to local history. Accordingly, while this is not neglected in the dozen articles in this volume, we have papers on Peruvian petrified eyes, on Oriental geography, and on other matters not particularly appertaining to the two counties. The two most interesting papers refer, one to the most valuable discovery of Roman-British culinary vessels ever made in this country. They were turned up by the plough, near Abergelle, in 1862, and they would have been all sold by the farmer who found them, to be broken up as old metal, but for a certain Mary Owens, the farmer's maid, whose appreciative eye fell upon the few that had not gone to the marine-store dealers. Mary Owens longed to beautify her kitchen with pots and kettles in which dinners may have been cooked over Roman-British stoves for legionary officers and some Cadwallader invited to dine with them. For comeliness of shape and fitness for the purpose for which they were made, they would have extracted approving smiles from Carême and Ude, from Soyer, Watier, and from Francatelli—artists worthy of manifesting their magic powers in such tasteful kettles and cauldrons. The other notable contribution is on the last popular risings in the Lancashire Lake country. The famine of the year 1800 brought about an uprising. The starving men of the dales about the lakes knew that food was scarce and dear because monopolists kept it back from market in order to increase the price. The men did not waylay the monopolizing farmers in order to shoot them from behind, or indeed to shoot them at all; they simply broke open the stores, distributed food for present need, and bound the regraters by an oath to bring their grain, flour, &c. into market on the next and fol-

lowing market-days. Troops were sent against these quarriers and miners, but they were hard to be got at, and they were ultimately let alone. On one occasion, when they dissolved a session of Justices at Ulverston, one magistrate, Mr. Brooks, refused to leave the Bench. This brave man was seized by rude hands and thrust out of an open window, a gigantic and powerful miner of Coniston, named Park, grasping his ankles and suspending him for a time head downwards over the crowded street. This was the only act of personal violence committed throughout the riots; and Mr. Brooks was hauled in again, after a moment's exposure, suffering only some fright and considerable indignity. But he was allowed to depart in peace, and was never again molested. This paper is a good chapter contributed to the local history of men and their manners. The men and manners in Northumberland some forty years earlier were not so gentle as in the dales about the lakes. In 1761, when the Northumbrian colliers and the militia fought a new Battle of Hexham, the latter lost an officer and three men, but above a score of the colliers were left dead on the field.

The Terrible Sights of London, and Labours of Love in the midst of them. By Thomas Archer. (Stanley Rivers.)

THE Modern Babylon is a picturesque subject for a modern Martin to paint in words. Its shadows are as intense as its lights are blinding. Its glories are as refulgent as its guilt is enormous and inexpressible. There is nowhere more charity or more cruelty. It would be hard to exceed it for unostentatious virtue or for brazen-faced sin; for men who are heroes or for men who are barely above beasts. Heine compared the throng at Cheapside to the struggle of the French for life, at the passage of the Beresina, where every man thought only of himself, and would slay his brother only to save his own life. But if the comparison hold good in certain respects it fails in others. The cotton-famine subscription at the Mansion House showed how thousands of hands were eagerly and lovingly held out to rescue the drowning. The hospitals and charities of the capital embrace every sort of sufferer. From magnificent St. Bartholomew's, with its numerous staff, down to the little Evelina with its baby patients tended by Messrs. Barker, Evans and Willett, there is no lack of refuge for those who are heavily stricken. If one might say so, the only Asylum yet left to be built by eccentric charity is one for the Destitute Wicked;—and even they are not altogether overlooked. It is only of late years that infant suffering has been especially provided against. When Mead stepped from his doorway to his chariot—in Great Ormond Street—he little thought of the tender children who would lie in the saloons of his mansion, or bask in his garden, where the famous doctor used to sip his claret. Under the roof where slept Macaulay when a boy, children young as he are being nursed into life again. Out of all Mr. Archer has written concerning the terrible sights of London, there is nothing more interesting than the twenty years' history of this hospital for children. It comes like a warm sunburst in the darkest part of the storm. This house is a real mustard-seed developing into a large and salubrious tree. It began with one little sufferer and a mere threepenny-piece of income, and now it has 70 beds, has relieved 15,000 patients, and in donations and annual subscriptions has an average revenue of above 6,000*l.* After all, there is a more interesting record than that of the old Mead and Macaulay house in Great Ormond Street. The little "Evelina," in the Southwark Bridge Road, only dates from June, 1869. It was founded with 30 beds by the Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, whose sympathy for suffering was born of painful experience. The beds for the Evelina patients will soon amount to a hundred. The out-patients alone are above that number daily, and Messrs. Barker, Evans and Willett have no sinecure in their office. It is hardly necessary to say that the hospital is open for suffering infants be their parents who or what they may. The

Baron reserved only one ward of eight beds for Jewish children, and this has seldom been full. It has been perfectly provided for in other ways. There is a Jewish kitchen, a Jewish cook, and a little roll of the Law hallows the lintel of the doorway of this special ward. The name of the generous founder of the whole is closely connected with charity, and this reminds us of a notable illustration of the fact. Some benevolent agents who had just received a subscription from the first Baron Rothschild remarked that, large as the sum was, his son had subscribed a much larger. "Aye!" said the Baron, "he can well afford it. See what a rich father he has got!"

My Campaigns in America: a Journal kept by Count William de Deux-Ponts, 1780-81. Translated from the French Manuscript, with Introduction and Notes, by Samuel Abbott Green. (Low & Co.)

THE manuscript diary which Mr. Green presents to the American public was picked up by him on a bookstall in Paris, whither it had been brought a few weeks before from the province of Lorraine. It relates the adventures of an officer in the French army, who served with the expedition sent to America in 1780, and distinguished himself at the siege of Yorktown. Count William de Deux-Ponts, as the diarist calls himself, dropping the German form of his title, is introduced in the picture of Lord Cornwallis's Surrender, which hangs in the Capitol at Washington, and this association will give the book more interest than its contents in themselves would ensure it.

England to Delhi: a Narrative of Indian Travel. By John Matheson, Glasgow. With a Map and Illustrations. (Longmans & Co.)

WE opened this large, handsome book with considerable interest, expecting to find a store of instructive remarks from a Glasgow merchant bent on enlightening his countrymen as to the development of Indian resources. We confess to being grievously disappointed; in fact, all that is worth reading in the book might be put into ten pages. At page 266 there is a useful table of the exports from Calcutta to Great Britain, and in the 43rd chapter there are two or three descriptions of "indigenous industry," as Mr. Matheson alliteratively styles camphor-refining and toddy-distilling; and this is all that this volume of 523 quarto pages has wherewith to repay perusal. We have read every word of it conscientiously, pen in hand, ready to seize on anything new for our note-book; but we find ourselves mechanically recording only the two brief words, *ṃiya kakōv*. Mr. Matheson, as we find from his Preface, travelled to India a long while ago, and it does not enhance the value of his pages that "seven years have elapsed since his return home." He made the stereotyped journey to Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Delhi and Allahabad, including Cawnpore and Lucknow, which, in anticipation of Mr. W. W. Hunter's improved Oriental spelling, we will take the liberty of writing Kānpur and Lakhnau. There was nothing of incident in his travel, and he either did not meet with, or did not care to describe, any noticeable persons, either European or native. Why, then, was the book written? This is a question which we pass on to intending readers. There are other questions, however, which we must ask, and to very few of which we can give a satisfactory answer. Why, then, in the first place, does Mr. Matheson call the Juma Masjid, the Friday or Cathedral Mosque, invariably Juma Masjid? Is it that he thinks there is some connexion between its name and the name of the river Jumna? Why does he write the name of the Supreme Being Bhogabou, Esher and Khodah, for the benefit of the Hindūs, who have hitherto been content with Bhagwān and Ishwar? Who are the *tawdry* men of Kabul? The Afghans are athletic, hirsute and bloody-minded; but tawdry we never heard them called before. Who, again, are the Synds? We prefer to call them Saiyids; but perhaps Mr. Matheson curtails their name to make up for the undue lengthening of other names, such as "palaqueen," which he seems to think has been corrupted by

the Indians into *palki*. Even in quoting from his own countrymen, Mr. Matheson is not exact,—as witness Sir J. Suckling's lady's little feet, which we are told "stroll in and out." We need not wonder, therefore, that the great Feast of the Mohammedans is here spoken of as a festival, and that the Imámbara is said "to gladden the eyes of the Shiáhs of the Muharram,"—which is much the same as saying that the Confessional gladdens the eyes of the Catholics of Good Friday. As we have said, there are some useful descriptions of industrial occupations, such as that of the manufactures of lac-dye and shellac. If Mr. Matheson had confined himself to statistics, he might have supplied a valuable pamphlet. Yet even his statistics are not altogether inaccurate. Thus, he gives the number of police in Bengal as 214,848, and then adds, that "there is only one constable to more than seven square miles."

Friedrich Ferdinand Graf von Beust. Sein Leben und vornehmlich staatsmännisches Wirken. Von Dr. Friedrich W. Ebeling. Erster Band. (Leipsic, Wöller; London, Nutt.)

So far as we have had the patience to wade through this book, it contains only one biographical fact of interest, and that is connected with Count Beust's earliest infancy. The nurse who had charge of him directly after his birth, bathed him in some old wine which was given her as a present, and thereby imparted to the child a habit of extreme irritability. We do not know if this beginning is to be taken as significant of the Count's political career, but we cannot help wishing that the biographer had received the same stimulus. His pages are loaded with speeches, despatches, and a mass of similar material, under the weight of which we lose sight of Count Beust altogether. Long political disquisitions on the conduct of a minister of one of the smaller German States from 1848 to 1860 may be interesting to native disputants, but they do not answer our definition of a biography.

We have on our table *The Manual of Colours and Dye Wares*, by J. W. Slater (Lockwood),—*Peutner's Comprehensive Specifier*, edited by W. Young (Longmans),—*Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Melbourne Observatory in the Years 1866, 1867 and 1868* (Melbourne, Mason, Firth & Co.),—*On the Vernon Dante*, by H. C. Barlow, M.D. (Williams & Norgate),—*The 'Army Enlistment Bill of 1870' Analyzed and Discussed*, by Capt. F. Trench (Macmillan),—*Home-Made Wines, How to Make and Keep them*, by G. Vine (Groombridge),—*An Account of the Township of Ifley*, by the Rev. E. Marshall, M.A. (Parker),—*Journal of the General Convention of the Church of Ireland, First Session, 1870*, edited by the Rev. A. T. Lee, LL.D. (Dublin, Hodges & Foster),—and *Bible Lessons*, by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, M.A., Part I. (Macmillan).—Also the following pamphlets: *Queensland the Progressive*, by J. C. White (Wilson),—*Quaritch's Catalogue of Manuscripts, Block Books, &c.*, No. 260,—*Glasgow and West of Scotland Educational Guide* (Glasgow, Bryce & Son),—*Sixth Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund* (Bentley),—*A Voice from the Monastery against Sunday Lecture Societies*, by O. Sherlock (Trübner),—*The Sword, the Pen and the Pulpit*, a Discourse on Charles Dickens, by W. R. Alger (Boston, Brothers),—*Vertheidigung Deutscher Klassiker gegen Neuere Angriffe*, von A. Boden (Nutt),—*Das Bairische Gymnasialwesen einst und jetzt* (Nutt),—and *Hugo Donellus in Uldorf*, von Dr. R. v. Stinking.

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Ecumenical Councils: a Course of Lectures. By W. Urwick, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)
SINCE it was publicly announced that Pius the Ninth had resolved to hold a general council at Rome, and especially since the assembling of the venerable body in December, 1869, a great number of books and pamphlets have issued from the press bearing on the subject. Of these the most important and valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history is 'Janus,' an essay full of well-digested matter, and all the more damaging to the Curia

as proceeding from a Roman Catholic or Catholic. But the spirit of Catholicism in Protestant Germany has been modified by the literature of Lutherans and others, becoming more tolerant, thoughtful and learned. In England and Ireland it is otherwise. The little book before us consists of six lectures, giving a brief but comprehensive survey of all the ecumenical councils hitherto held. The first examines the Scripture sanction for church councils, terminating with a table of the whole series, which is very useful because it has the date, place and object of each. After dividing these into four classes, the ecumenical councils of the Greek Church, the Western ones under Papal control, those summoned for the reform of the Church and the Papacy, and the fifth Lateran Council with that of Trent, the present Council of the Vatican is described. An appendix contains the Encyclical of 1864, the Syllabus, Letter summoning the council, with extracts from the Pope's invitation to the Greek prelates and to Protestants. The volume is an excellent compendium, written with ability, moderation, and clearness. The author has drawn his materials from the best sources, chiefly from Hefele's great work. He has also used Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' and other books. Without concealing his own sentiments, which are distinctively Protestant, his tone towards those who differ from him is courteous and Christian. He is a fair and candid writer, who handles a wide subject, which he has studied diligently, with considerable skill. Nor have we observed any inaccuracies which could effectually impair the value of the manual; for Vienna, in page 44, seems to be a misprint for Vienne. Those who wish to get a general survey of the nineteen ecumenical councils now held, in a brief compass, cannot do better than take the volume as a safe and sufficient guide. The author has seized all the principal points, and set them forth both in an instructive and interesting light. It has our hearty commendation, because it is distinguished from the usual publications dealing with Papacy by its manly, scholarly character, untainted with sectarian bitterness.

Greek Testament Studies; or, a Contribution towards a Revised Translation of the New Testament, &c. By Aliquis. (Pickering.)

THIS little book consists of four chapters, viz., passages better rendered by Tyndale than in subsequent versions, mystery, imperfect tense, miscellaneous; the last the longest. At the end are several observations on different subjects. Some translations are decidedly better than those of the authorized version; many are not. The writer does not know his Greek Testament well, else he would not give such incorrect renderings as he often recommends. Thus James iii. 6 is translated, "The tongue is a fire and the world is wicked"; and Acts xvii. 22 "ye are unusually devout." The author tells us that there are two important doctrines which have taken a firm hold of the consciences of mankind, one of them being, the eternity of future punishment; and says that no one should give up the text (1 John v. 7) "till he has read Forster's 'Three Heavenly Witnesses.'" Small as the volume is, the matter hardly seems worth printing. The writer is evidently afraid of important changes, and is incompetent to make them, not only from want of knowledge but of will.

The Visible Unity of the Catholic Church maintained against Opposite Theories. By M. T. Rhodes, M.A. 2 vols. (Longmans & Co.)

THE line of argument adopted by this writer may be easily conjectured from the title of his book. We give it, however, in his own words:—"... Visible intercommunion of all the parts and all the members (of the Church) is essential to their life, and also to the integrity of the one body; that without it they ceased to be animated by the one spirit; and that apart from visible communion with this one Church (i.e. the Roman) no religious body can be a channel of the grace of Christ; nor any single soul attain salvation, excepting in the case of individuals whose ignorance is invincible in the sight of God." The author undertakes to assign reasons for belief in such a proposition, and

controverts the arguments of assailants, especially those of the Bishop of Brechin and Dr. Pusey. He maintains that the primacy of the see of St. Peter is one of dignity and jurisdiction. Granted this, his scheme of the Church must of necessity be the right one, but this is denied not only by Anglican controversialists, but by some of the Roman Communion, though modern influences have been steadily at work in maintaining the Ultramontane view. The writer appears conscious that he cannot appeal to history in support of his argument on this question without coming across some unwelcome facts; so he dismisses the question thus:—"If Bishops at any time appear to have exercised jurisdiction beyond the limits assigned by authority vested in the Roman Pontiff it must be presumed that they were authorized, tacitly at least, by the Apostolic See of Rome." To read history with such a large proviso as this is practically to decline any real reference to past facts. The reader who chooses to peruse these volumes will find the usual Roman arguments stated without controversial bitterness. We have pointed out the question on which the argument rests, that of jurisdiction, which will be sufficient theology for ordinary readers; even to professed theologians it is a somewhat dry field of speculation. We may draw attention to the latter part of this work, in which a great deal of curious antiquarian information about ancient British and Welsh saints may be found, as well as particulars concerning the Churches of those countries and of France. The general reader will not turn to a theological book in order to prosecute antiquarian studies; but if he do so, in this case he will find much to interest and amuse him, and can skip the theology if he is so disposed. The theological bearing of this historical portion of the book is to show that though there were differences between the Church of Rome and many saints and local churches, yet these differences did not involve formal breach of communion. On looking at some of the quarrels, we are of opinion that if the conduct of the early Scots and Britons did not bring down upon them a sentence of excommunication, any imitation of them in the present century would. The argument derived from these and similar cases is unavailing, if it can be shown that the liberty then conceded is now withdrawn. We may remark also that the case of the anti-popes is dismissed with a very few words; the circumstances connected with this great schism have far more to do with the question discussed in these volumes than the half-forgotten quarrels of our ancestors over matters of ecclesiastical discipline. Mr. Rhodes, however, may be satisfied: the Council has proclaimed as a dogma that which was incapable of proof.

History and Revelation. The Correspondence of the Predictions of the Apocalypse with the marked Events of the Christian Era, &c. By James H. Braund. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)
THE book of Revelation has been a dark one to many. Because it is veiled in obscurity, it has excited great curiosity; all the more in proportion to the degree in which it is thought to be shadowed, if not predicted, future history. But the reveries of interpreters are innumerable. Conjectures of the wildest sort fill the pages of the commentators, who have darkened this part of Scripture with their baseless fancies. We had hoped to find expositors agreed at last in their view of the scope, intent, and general contents of the Apocalypse, since Ewald published his 'Commentaries,' forty-two years ago. Great critics have expounded it—Ewald, Lücke, De Wette, Baur, and Bleek. The ingenious Volkmar has also interpreted it. In our own country Dr. Davidson has sketched its main features, in his late Introduction to the New Testament. The result is, that no portion of Scripture is better or more clearly apprehended. The mystery supposed to enwrap the sublime intuitions of the Apostle John, has been cleared away, and the seer of Patmos stands forth in all the fiery energy with which he describes, as a Jewish Christian, the Lord's second coming in its connexion with the downfall of heathenism. It is therefore useless for the Preterists, Futurists, or continuous expositors

of the book, to refute one another's arguments, since they are all more or less mistaken.

The author of the two volumes before us proceeds no further in his exposition than the end of the sixth trumpet. His view of the inspired work is that of Mr. Elliott, whose 'Hore Apocalypticæ' he supposes to be "the nearest to perfection of its kind extant." Hence the attempts to show the correspondences of history with the Apocalyptic predictions, by the help of Gibbon and other eminent historians.

We should have thought the scheme of interpretation pursued by Mr. Elliott in his bulky volumes almost exploded, but Mr. Braund brings it up again, and tries to recommend it to general acceptance. It is painful to be obliged to say that the author has wasted years of labour in bringing forth such results as are here presented; and whoever will trust to his guidance must err, because the general purport of the Apocalypse is misapprehended. St. John does not predict historical events in the future; he develops Jewish Christian eschatology in his own manner, under a peculiar inspiration.

Agreeing, as we do, with Mr. Braund, in the authorship of the Apocalypse, we differ from him in most particulars. He dates it under Domitian, which is wrong; it was composed immediately after Nero, and before the destruction of Jerusalem. As far as we can see, our expositor appears to be ignorant of the most recent and correct literature on the subject of his studies. Mr. Elliott is his *magnus Apollo*; therefore he has failed to look farther or deeper than he. This is unfortunate. With all respect for the laborious diligence evinced by Mr. Braund, we cannot but pronounce his 'History and Revelation' deeply disappointing. Had he discarded Mr. Elliott, and read and studied the authors who have thrown a true light on the Apocalypse, he might have done something effectual and praiseworthy.

Filial Honour of God by Confidence, Obedience and Resignation. By W. Anderson, LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a sort of sermonizing treatise, probably two or three sermons put in a different shape from that in which they were preached. The author is a vigorous and earnest writer, who thinks within a theological circle mainly Calvinistic. He is a poor interpreter of the Bible in many ways; and advocates a kind of selfish Christianity with great vehemence, maintaining that the pious are animated in their obedience by the prospect of being richly rewarded. In the first appendix, numerous testimonies are adduced for the doctrine of the reward of good works. The second appendix relates to the cup from the drinking of which Christ prayed to be saved, if it were possible. Here the author's interpretation is incorrect. Dr. Anderson does not shine as an expositor. His forte is the inculcation of the usual dogmas of orthodoxy in very vigorous, but not always elegant or correct English. The ideas have nothing new or striking to recommend them. He seems unacquainted with the modern literature which has thrown so much light on the gospel records and the character of Our Lord. His opinion of man's state before justification may be seen from these words: "He has been transferred from a rebel's position with a rebel's heart, where his works increased his condemnation, to a son's position, with a son's heart, where his works are pleasing to his Father." In another place he states that "Christ's sorrow was the procuring cause of Paul's joy." The platitudes of a school sound strangely in the ears of cultivated men unaccustomed to hear them.

Molocology not Theology: Penang Sermons. By James A. Mackay, B.D. (Trübner & Co.)

MR. MACKAY writes vigorously, and has a fair knowledge of theology. His sermons show thought and earnestness, and they are on the whole readable and interesting, though to our mind they are too doctrinal. We cannot say they evince much breadth or liberality of view, which they would have done had the author been acquainted with the results of modern criticism. His tone and spirit generally

are by no means narrow. The sermon entitled 'False Interpretations' is a favourable specimen of his method. He should know that "the Desire of all Nations," in Haggaï ii. 7, does not mean Christ. It is needless to specify all that is incorrect in the volume; or to point out the extravagant language in which the writer occasionally indulges, since he is by no means a cautious thinker. Towards the close of the last sermon there is an example of strong assertion respecting infidelity (a thing he does not define) which is certainly unfitted to attract such as are indisposed to accept of a Revelation.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Les Aventures de Robin Jouet. Par Émile Carrey. (Tours, Mame et Fils.)

ROBIN JOUET is a French Robinson Crusoe, wrecked on one of the alluvial islands off the coast of Guyana, formed by the swift waters of the Amazon, where it meets the sea, and where the currents of the two great waters meet each other and struggle for mastery. There is a curious account of the alternate currents of fresh and salt water formed by the ocean and the river; also of the splendid and almost terrible vegetation of the rich virgin soil, and of the birds and beasts and monkeys which abound there. Of course, a Frenchman thrown upon a desert island deals with the exigencies of his condition in a different fashion from an Englishman; so this is our mutual friend, Robinson, with many variations. Robin Jouet is more deft and clever with his hands, more active, much more gay, spirited, and ingenious, especially in his cooking; but he has not the charm of our own beloved Crusoe—he has not the calm reliance on Providence, nor the strong, reverent religious feeling, which characterizes Defoe's creation. Robin Jouet is not so humane as Robinson; and though he too tames animals, we do not love them as we all love the parrot, the goats, and the dear dog. However, there is much interesting and useful information given about the unknown regions of South America, and there is a powerful account of an inundation of the sea by which the island is entirely washed away, with all its living creatures and the forests of massive trees which seemed strong enough to stand for ever. The adventures and escapes of Robin Jouet are marvellous, and the intention of the work is to call the attention of the French nation to the capabilities of Guyana for a French settlement. The illustrations are very clever, and the book is entertaining.

Cinderella: a Play in Rhyme for Children. By M. M. With Illustrations. (Griffith & Farran.)

IF children wish to act a fairy-tale, they may be safely trusted to make it out for themselves—not, perhaps, in rhyme, but in far better dialogue than is here given. The character of Cinderella is completely changed from the original, whom all children have loved and sympathized with from the earliest period to the present time; she is transformed into a vain, discontented girl, whom not even a fairy godmother could have transformed into anything like a princess, for the Cinderella of this play is vulgar and commonplace; she repines at her condition, and longs for fine clothes; whereas the charm of the real Cinderella is that she was affectionate, sweet-tempered, and did her various hard tasks cheerfully. The illustrations are very poor, and the dear old Fairy Godmother is done away with altogether, her place being supplied by a fairy called "Kindness," for the pernicious reason that

Whatever she touched was turned to gold;
Whence'er she gave, 'twas wealth untold.

We are vexed to see the real, beautiful old story so much changed for the worse: if this "Play" were not so clumsy, we should think it the work of some "bad fairy," who was envious.

The Silver Bells: an Allegory. Illustrated by Arthur Hopkins. (Parker & Co.)

THIS is a short and not very pleasant allegory of the dangers and temptations of the world to those who know better, but who yield to them nevertheless. It is poor as a composition, and the illustrations are ugly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Theology.

Bagshaw's (Rev. J. B.) The Catechism Illustrated, cr. 8vo. 2/6
Blunt's Plain Account of the English Bible, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Bridge's (Rev. C.) Letters to a Friend, 12mo. 2/ cl.
Burritt's Prayers and Devotional Meditations from Psalms, 2/6
Fisher's Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, 1/4
Graham's Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, 7/6
Harrison's Original Sacred Melodies, with Music, 4to. 4/ cl. gilt
Hyacinth's (Rev. Father) The Family and the Church, cr. 8vo. 7/6
Murphy's Scripture Manuals, Genesis, 18mo. 6d. cl. swd.
New Testament, Greek and English, in Parallel Columns, with various Readings, 4to. hf.-bd. 10/6
Sacred Laws, by O. D., 18mo. 2/6 cl. gilt
Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, with English Translation and Notes, 4to. 24/ hf.-bd.

Law.

Pollock's and Nicol's Practice of the County Courts, 7th Edit., 32/ History.

Birkby's History of England, 12mo. 1/ cl.
Kaye's History of the Sepoy War in India, 1857-8, Vol. 2, 20/
Richey's Lectures on the History of Ireland, 2nd series, 8/ cl.
Woodward's Hist. of Hampshire and Isle of Wight, 3 vols. 105/

Geography.

Bacon's War Map of Europe, 1/ swd.
Chambers's (W.) Wintering at Mentone, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Cruchley's New Map of the Seat of War in France and Prussia, plain 1/
Fiji and the Fijians, by Thomas Williams, 3rd edit. cr. 8vo. 6/
Heywood's Tourists' Guide to Inland Spas of England, 1/4
Kelly's F. O. Directory of Shropshire, Bristol, &c. roy. 8vo. 36/
Letts's General Map of the Seat of War, cr. 8vo. 1/ swd.
Lloyd's (L.) Pleasant Life in Sweden, illust. 8vo. 18/ cl.
McCleod's (W.) Atlas of Scripture Geography, new edit., 8vo. 2/6
Macgregor's (H.) 1,000 Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe, 6th edit., 2/6
Stanford's Map of the Seat of War, cr. 8vo. 1/ swd.
Ten Months' Tour in the East, by Albert de Burton, cr. 8vo. 10/6
Thacker's Map of the War, full coloured, cr. 8vo. 1/6 swd.
Trübner's Map of the Seat of War, coloured, 8vo. 1/6 swd.
Williams's (C. T.) Climate of the South of France, 2nd edit., 6/
Yeo's (J. B.) Notes of a Season at St. Maritz, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.

Science.

Heat, a Mode of Motion, by John Tyndall, LL.D., 4th edit., 10/6
Hendrey's Elementary Botany, 2nd edit., by M. T. Masters, 12/6
Humbert's (W.) Complete Treatise on Cast and Wrought Iron, Bridge Construction, 3rd edit., 115 Plates, 2 vols. 6/ 16s. 6d.
Pewtner's Comprehensive Specifier, edit. by W. Young, 12mo. 6/

General Literature.

Aunt Louisa's Alphabet Book, 4to. 5/ cl. gilt
Blades's (W.) How to tell a Caxton, 12mo. 4/ swd.
Catalogue (printed in fac-simile) of the Charles Dickens's Sale, 1/
Chambers's Miscellany, Vol. 10, 12mo. 1/ bds.
Chardenal's (C. A.) Second French Course, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Colloquia Peripatetica, by the late John Duncan, 2nd edit., 3/6
Coloured Lithographic View of Müller's Orphan Houses, Bristol, 2/
Cornwell's Spelling for Beginners, 12mo. 1/ cl.
Dickens's (Charles) Speeches, Literary and Social, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, Vol. 8, 4to. 7/6 cl. gilt
Indian Army and Civil Service List, July, 1870
Inward's (J.) Cruise of the Ringleader, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Ladies' Treasury, Vol. 8, new series, Jan. to June, 1870, 5/6
McColl's (Rev. M.) The Ammergau Passion Play, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Month (The), Vol. 12, 8vo. 8/ cl.
Practical Moral Lesson Book, edit. by Hole, Book 1, Part 1, 1/6
Queen's Taxes (The), by John Noble, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Ratray's World and Round in the World, 2nd edit., 3/6 cl.
Selections from the Prose Works of John Milton, edited by Rev. J. J. G. Graham, 8vo. 12/ cl.
Sketches from the Border Land, or a Daughter of England, 2/6

DANTE ALLIGHIERI IN THE CASTLE OF LIZZANA.

ABOUT two miles from the romantic town of Roveredo, on the post-road from thence to Verona, passing through the Val Lagarina by the course of the winding Adige, rises an abrupt and precipitous mass of limestone, which, on one side, seems to have been violently separated from the strata in its neighbourhood; on the other, sinks down by a gradual declivity towards the general level. On the slope of this rock, high above the road, are a few courses of an old wall of rough but regular masonry; they measure about 15 feet in length by 12 in height, and are partly screened by trees: these are the last remains of a once famous castle in which, in the early part of the fourteenth century, Dante Allighieri was an honoured guest.

The castle of Lizzana—for thus it is still called—is believed to be as old as the conquest of the Romans, and to have been erected, probably, by the patrician family Licinia, from whom its name is thought to have been derived. In the time of the Lombards, it was held by Ragilone di Lagara. In 1014, the Emperor Henry the Second was entertained here on his way back to Germany. In the twelfth century, the Guelph Jacopino, Count of Lizzana and lord of Roveredo, resided here: he was overpowered by the Ghibellines, but subsequently returned to the castle, and became Seigneur of all the valley of Lagaro. On his death, the lordship passed, by the marriage of his daughter and sole heir, into the noble family of Castelbarco. There, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the Counts of Castelbarco held their brilliant courts.

The Venetians, in 1439, put an end to them and to the castle at the same time. The republic occupied Roveredo, and, desirous to obtain Lizzana, accused the Count, who then possessed it, of bad faith—a vulgar trick of tyrants in all ages. To the meek remonstrance of the Count, the Venetians replied with their artillery; and the venerable castle never recovered from the rough treatment it then received. The Counts of Castelbarco, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were intimately connected with the reigning lords of Verona. Guglielmo da Castelbarco was the chief friend of Alberto della Scala, who succeeded his brother Mastino as ruler of Verona in 1277. In 1285, Guglielmo was appointed by Alberto Podestà of Verona,—in 1288 he was re-elected, and confirmed again in the office in 1289; in 1300 Alberto appointed him his vicar in the valleys of the Giudicarie,—in 1302, at the urgent desire of the Bishop of Trent, he went to Verona to endeavour to negotiate a peace with Bartolomeo della Scala, the eldest son and successor of Alberto, and by his personal influence with the Scaligeri, and his courteous and amiable manners, accomplished a difficult and delicate undertaking, much to the satisfaction of the pugnacious prelate, who sorely repented him, says the historian Girolamo dalla Corte, of the turmoil and contests he had excited. On the death of Bartolomeo della Scala, in 1304, his brother Alboino succeeded him, and, four years later, at his particular desire, his younger brother, Can Francesco, better known as Can Grande, was joined with him in authority. Alboino was of a meek and timid spirit, and much averse to military pursuits, in which his younger brother delighted. It is highly probable that, even before this, Can Grande had been of much assistance to Alboino, and had made his influence felt at court. By both of them Guglielmo da Castelbarco was held in the highest esteem; he was, we are told by Dalla Corte, their chief councillor, and no undertaking of importance was engaged in, no decision come to, without first taking his advice. When in Verona, the Count was probably an inmate of the palace of the Scaligeri, and there made, as circumstances would show, the acquaintance and friendship of the exiled poet.

At what precise period, however, Dante availed himself of the invitation of Guglielmo to visit him in his castle of Lizzana, cannot be fixed with such chronological accuracy as some other of the poet's whereabouts, and depends on a previous question, on which his biographers have been much divided, as to when it was that Dante came to regard Verona as his second home. In all probability, this was not till after the capitulation of the chiefs of the Bianchi and their Ghibelline friends in the castle of Montacciano, in Mugello, in the summer of 1306. Up to this time Dante had lived in hope of restoration to Florence by force of arms or political changes, and moved about with a sort of ubiquity, being found wherever his personal influence might help to promote his object. But after this capitulation, his honour and his interests would dictate another course; and then Verona became his chief *ostello*. Yet there is satisfactory historical evidence to show that he had visited the Scaligeri before this period, and may have made some sojourn at their court. In 1308-9 Dante left Italy for France, and remained abroad about two years, visiting Belgium, and probably England, and returning back through Germany. We may trace his footsteps in the cantos of his *Divina Commedia*. His visit to the castle of Lizzana and the Val Lagarina may have been between 1304 and 1306, or after that, but before 1308. It does not appear that he was asked to sign as a witness any document on the occasion, to which reference might afterwards be made: he did not write his name on any piece of perishable parchment, nor did he carve his initials on the crumbling surface of the limestone rock; but he did what was much more enduring: he left an everlasting record of his visit in the imperishable verses of his divine poem. His graphic description, in few words, of the Slavino di Marco, as seen from the summit of the slope on which the remains of the castle of Lizzana stand, attest his presence here, and will, so long as Italy shall last.

From no other site than this commanding point of view can the astonished visitor survey the stupendous ruin of the limestone strata, and take in at a glance all the features which Dante has so artistically described (see the twelfth canto of the *Inferno*, verses 4-10). The authority of chroniclers and local historians, and the traditions of the neighbourhood, however well authenticated, might, perhaps, be disputed, but Dante's own record supercedes them all.

The Castle of Lizzana could once accommodate a garrison of five hundred men, but its defenders have now dwindled down to two or three farm-servants only; yet, on visiting the castle last autumn, I found the place still almost impregnable, and after having battered away on the wooden gates with a heavy stone for nearly half-an-hour, I should have been forced to raise the siege, had not an active and obliging lad who was tending sheep on the green hill-side volunteered to scale the outer wall and surprise the guards within, which he did, when one of them came and opened the gates. From Roveredo it is a pleasant walk to this interesting relic in the Val Lagarina; we follow the main road as far as the Madonna del Monte, and then strike off to the left hand by the path which skirts along the side of the hill, gradually ascending till we reach the Castle.

Guglielmo da Castelbarco was a generous-minded and benevolent man, and there was much in his character to entitle him to the esteem of Dante. He was also a liberal benefactor to Verona. In 1307 he began to erect, at his own expense, the magnificent church of S. Anastasia, and the convent at the side. In 1313 he undertook to rebuild the Monastery of the Saints Fermo and Rustico.

English visitors to Verona are, for the most part, familiar with the last memorial of this exemplary Count, the elegant monument over the entrance to the Convent in front of the Albergo delle Due Torri; it consists of a sarcophagus beneath a semi-gothic canopy, after the Veronese fashion: on the sarcophagus is a reclining figure, which the guide-books pass over irreverently as scarcely worth noticing; but those who love to cherish the memory of the good and great will gaze on the marble effigy with devout interest when they remember that the recumbent figure represents the noble Guglielmo da Castelbarco, once the friend of Dante Allighieri.

H. C. BARLOW.

WINER'S GREEK GRAMMAR.

Edinburgh, July 15, 1870.

A PARAGRAPH in last week's *Athenæum* regarding the edition of Winer's 'Grammar of the New Testament,' edited by Prof. Moulton, and published by me, and that edited by Prof. Thayer, of Andover, seems to demand an explanation from me.

1st. Prof. Thayer, who is a personal friend, and whose merit I would be the last to depreciate, has published in Andover an edition of Winer which is avowedly a reprint of Masson's edition of that work (which is published by my firm), although no doubt with many improvements. So clearly is this the case, that it cannot be legally imported into this country.

2nd. When I engaged Prof. Moulton to edit a new edition of Winer especially adapted for English students, I did not do so without the most perfect confidence in his scholarship and skill, and when the edition of Lünemann appeared, it became a question whether use should be made of it, or whether Mr. Moulton should adhere to the last edition published during Winer's life. On examination it was found that Winer's own corrections were so scanty that it became merely a question whether the English editor, untrammelled by the German editor, would not make a better book for English readers—that, in short, it was no question between a man like Winer and his English editor, but between Lünemann and Moulton; and as the decision lay with me, I resolved to give Mr. Moulton full freedom, and the result has been just what I expected.

Long before Mr. Moulton's edition was ready no question of copyright remained, and we had perfect

freedom to use any of Prof. Lünemann's Notes; and now, as the question has been raised, we will allow people to judge for themselves as to the value to be given to these, by issuing them separately to purchasers of our edition. It will then be seen that they are comprised in very small compass indeed, and that Prof. Moulton has done for Winer what that great man would have been the first to acknowledge had not been done for him by Prof. Lünemann.

I make no observations on your criticism of Prof. Moulton's Winer, but as the blame, if blame there be, should rest on the right shoulders, I must in this case take the entire responsibility, and I believe that in the judgment of our best scholars I will be found to have made no mistake.

THOMAS CLARK.

* * We need only repeat, that if "no question of copyright remained," it is curious that Mr. Moulton should in his preface say "he was not at liberty to make use of the additions" left by Winer. We do not share Mr. Clark's low opinion of Prof. Lünemann, and believe him to be ill advised when he flatly contradicts that eminent scholar by saying that Winer's own corrections are scanty, when Prof. L. characterizes them as *numerous*. A separate issue of Lünemann's notes will not show the real improvements in his edition as long as Winer's last corrections, which are incorporated without distinction, are left out of sight. We are glad that something is to be done to improve Mr. Moulton's translation. It needs improvement in various respects. Whether Prof. Thayer's edition of Winer, published at Andover, be an avowed reprint of Masson's edition, will be seen hereafter. Meantime we have some doubts on the point.

PARIS JOURNALS.

THE number of journals published in Paris is said to be 962, of which 90 are religious, viz., 62 Roman Catholic; 25 Protestant; and 3 Jewish; the rest are described as follows:—48 treat of jurisprudence; 25 are administrative; 35 political; 45 devoted to political economy; 47 commercial; 58 medical; 40 devoted to the natural sciences, physics, and mathematics; 32 to agriculture and the veterinary art; 10 to horticulture and arboriculture; 20 to military matters; 12 to naval and colonial affairs; 24 to history, geography, heraldry, &c.; 65 to painting, sculpture, music, and the theatres; 9 to architecture; 19 to archaeology, numismatics, and industrial art; 29 to railways, civil engineering, and mining; 28 to finance and the bourse; 65 to technology and popular science; 86 are called literary journals, which means popular miscellanies, as no literary journal proper exists in Paris; 35 publications for the special use of ladies and families; 65 devoted to female fashions and ladies' work; 25 that treat of the breeding of horses, and sports of all kinds; 5 organs of freemasonry; 5 of spiritualism, and 2 are bibliographical journals.

RARE AND CURIOUS BOOKS.

THE sale of the fifth portion of the Rev. T. Corser's fine library, comprising an important series of Early English Poetry, Romances, early Typography, &c., was concluded last week at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. Among them were, Davies's *Wittes Pilgrimage*, 181.—Oxford Drollery, 1671, 7s. 5s.—Elviden (E.) A Newer's Gift to the Rebellious Persons in the North Partes of England, 1670, 32l.—The Example of Euyll Tongues, by Wynkyn de Worde, 50l. 10s.—Fisher's Treatise concernynge the Fruyfull Saynges of Davyd the Kyng, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1509, 22l. 10s.—Gosson's Schoole of Abuse (imperfect), 11l. 11s.—Gualter's Antichrist, 1556, 11l.—Harmann's Caveat for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones, 1567, 55l. 10s.—Herrick's Hesperides, 11l.—Joy of Tears, 1635, 14l.—A Goodly Dyalogue betwene Knowledge and Symplicite, 13l.—Licia, or Poems of Love, 1593, 32l. 10s.—Lodge's Fig for Momus, 1595, 19l.—The iii Leues of the True Loue, by Wynkyn de Worde, 84l.—Lydgate's Lyf of oure Lady, MS., 46l.—Mancinus,

a Plaine Path to perfect Vertue, 1568, 15l. 15s.—Mantuanus, the Eglogs of the Poet, 16l. 10s.—Song of Mary, the Mother of Christ, 1601, 12l.—Massinger's Beleeve as you List, 17l.—Melvil (I.) The Black Bastel, 1634, 11l.—Middleton's Wisdom of Solomon, 1597, 12l. 12s.—Mill (H.) A Night's Search, 22l.—Apologue of Syr Thomas More, Knyght, 1533, 11l.—Murford's Fragmenta Poetica, 1650, 12l. 12s.—Newton's Atropoion Delion, 32l.—Nixon's Christian Navy, 31l. 10s.—Elizae's Memoriall, by the same, 20l.—Blacke Yeare, by the same, 20l. 10s.—Ordinary of Christians, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, 30l. 10s.—Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1575, 48l.—Parker (M.) The Nightingale warbling forth her owne Disaster, 1632, 26l. 10s.—Partridge (I.) The Worthie Hystorie of the Valiaunt Knyght Plasidas, 42l.—A Treatise called Pervula, by Wynkyn de Worde, 37l.—Pasquill's Palinodia, 1619, 10l. 15s.—Petowe (H.) England's Caesar, 1603, 42l.—Phillip (I.) A Frendly Larum, 27l.—Price (L.) Witch of the Wood-Lands, 11l.—Quarles's Divine Poems, 1642, 13l. 13s.—Rankin's Mirrour of Monsters, 1587, 10l. 10s.—Rawlyns (R.) Cassius of Parma His Orpheus, 1587, 21l.—Rhodes (H.) The Boke of Nurtur, 1550, 42l.—Kynge Rycharde Cueur du Lyon, a Metrical Romance, 1525, 56l.—Rolle (R.) Hermyte of Hampull, by Wynkyn de Worde, 45l. 10s.—Rowlands Hell's broke Loose, 1605, 16l.—Doctor Merrie-Man, by the same, 21l. 10s.—S. (R.) The Phoenix Nest, 1593, 64l. 10s.—Phillis and Flora, by the same, 11l. 11s.—Sidney, the Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, 1590, 21l. 10s.—Astrophel and Stella, by the same, 13l.—Smith (Jude) A Misticall Devise, 1575, 14l.—Spenser's Amoretti, 19l.—Sterline's Recreations with the Muses, large paper, 21l.—Valentin et Orson, a French Romance, Lyon, 1489, 86l.—Lorris et Jean de Meun, Le Rommant de la Rose, MS. Sæc. xiv., with spirited Drawings, 130l. The five parts have realized 15,455. 7s.

NORWEGIAN LITERATURE.

UNDER the title of 'La Norvège Littéraire,' from the pen of the late learned Librarian of the University of Christiania, M. Paul Botten-Hausen, we have in French, says the *Revue Critique*, a complete classified list of all the works of any value printed in Norway, or written by Norse authors, up to the nineteenth century, with an historical introduction, a critical sketch of the progress of letters and science in Norway since its separation from Denmark in 1814, a summary of the history of its periodical press, and a list of 650 authors and editors, with brief biographies. Mere second-hand compilations, elementary books, and translations of novels are excluded: other works are arranged under twelve sections. 1, linguistic; 2, belles lettres; 3, national history; 4, jurisprudence, and moral and political sciences; 5, medical sciences; 6, mathematical sciences; 7, natural sciences; 8, military and naval sciences and technology; 9, agriculture, economy, commerce; 10, philosophical sciences and pedagogy; 11, theology; 12, journals and reviews. So little is known here of modern Norwegian literature that the book should be welcome.

THE HAURAN RUINS.

Groomsport, Co. Down, July 7, 1870.

I BEG to tender my thanks to Mr. Freshfield for inserting so large an extract from my work on 'The Giant Cities of Bashan,' in the *Athenæum* of July 2. It fully bears out my statement that he misrepresented the meaning of the fragment he quoted in a former letter. Any reader might observe from the first sentence that the section of country referred to as "utterly deserted," is the plain visible from the ramparts of Bozrah. Any reader of the 'Giant Cities' might see that I actually describe other portions of Bashan as still partially inhabited and partially cultivated. I have stated that "the whole of Bashan and Moab is one great fulfilled prophecy," not because the whole is utterly desolate, but because by far the largest portion of the cities are utterly desolate,

and by far the largest portion of the rich soil is utterly waste. Had Mr. Freshfield ordinary powers of apprehension he would see that such is the meaning of my words; and had he ordinary candour he would admit it.

I should not have thought it necessary to notice Mr. Freshfield's letter at all, had it not been for the false issues he tries to raise on some points.

He says, "It is with pleasure I find that Mr. Porter now hesitates to question the judgment of De Vogüé and Fergusson, for it is the first time he has admitted that a disbeliever in the discovery of Og's architecture can be a competent or painstaking explorer or an honest critic." I utterly repudiate the insinuation embodied in these words. I entertain the highest respect both for De Vogüé and Fergusson. I look upon the latter as one of the first authorities on architecture. But I do not consider either infallible. I refuse to follow them on all points. In fact, that would be impossible, for they very often disagree. I believe, for example, that Mr. Fergusson's views regarding the architecture of the Great Mosque and the Church of the Sepulchres at Jerusalem, are entirely erroneous. Most authorities agree with me. De Vogüé is among the number. He and Fergusson take opposite sides on this question. One of them must be wrong, though they have both been on the spot. Is it not, therefore, possible to suppose that both may be wrong regarding the ruins of Bashan? Mr. Fergusson was never there. What opportunities De Vogüé had of examining them I cannot tell. His attention, if I mistake not, was mainly directed to ecclesiastical architecture. Be this as it may, I shall hold my own opinions until stronger evidence is produced against them than the dictum of De Vogüé and Fergusson, even though it should receive the sanction of Mr. Freshfield and the imprimatur of Dr. Beke.

Mr. Freshfield charges me with claiming the authorship of 'The Handbook for Syria,' while he tries to make it appear that some one else is "the present editor." Had he looked at the preface he would have seen that the author and present editor must be the same person. But he seems to prefer his own lively imagination to any proof. There is no mystery about this point now; and I beg to state that I am both author and editor; and that for every sentence, whether in the former or present edition, I, and I alone, am responsible. I beg further to assure Mr. Freshfield, and all whom it may concern, that so long as I may have the honour of editing the Handbook, while I shall carefully consider all new information, and scrupulously weigh all available evidence, I shall never shrink from giving my own opinion on whatever topic comes before me; and I shall be guided by my own judgment, and not by the dictation of others, in my selection of quotations. I have had fuller opportunities than most men of examining the antiquities and topography of Syria. I spent some nine years in the country. For twenty years I have devoted a large portion of my time to the study of Biblical Archaeology and Topography. It would be strange, therefore, if I should now hesitate to express an independent opinion on the ruins of Bashan.

In a postscript Mr. Freshfield tries to convict me of "self-contradiction." It is difficult for me in this remote watering-place to give a full reply. I have not one of the books he mentions at hand for reference. I must depend wholly on his quotations and my own memory. But the facts are these. In my 'Giant Cities,' I say of Wetzstein's pamphlet on the Hauran, that it is "interesting and instructive, and contains the fullest account hitherto published of that remarkable region, the Safa." In the last edition of my 'Five Years in Damascus,' I say "the careful reader will see, that while he studiously ignores the labours of his immediate predecessors, he adds little, if anything, to the information gleaned by others." The explanation is easy. I visited Hauran in 1853-4. Herr Wetzstein was then in Damascus. I communicated to him all the new information I collected. I showed him my sketch maps, bear-

ings, and itinerary. I lent him the instruments and books I had used, and a copy of my work when published. In 1857, my friend, Mr. Cyril Graham and I projected a new journey to Hauran for the purpose of exploring still unknown spots in Bashan and the neighbouring plains, especially the little rocky district of Safa. I was prevented from going; but Mr. Graham carried out our plan with great success. He examined the whole country more thoroughly than any man before or since. He communicated the result to me in manuscript, and soon after published an account of his tour in, I think, the *Cambridge Journal*. I left Syria in 1858, and travelled for a considerable time on the Continent of Europe, so that I did not see Mr. Graham's published notes till after I had written the paragraph quoted from the 'Giant Cities.' Wetzstein visited Hauran in 1858 or 1859, and immediately published his little 'Reisebericht,' which I first met with in Germany. I saw, in glancing over it, that he had made pretty free use of my materials as to Hauran and the lake district East of Damascus. He even gave the line of my routes in his map; but there was no acknowledgment of my labours. I said nothing about this at the time, because his 'Reisebericht' was a mere pamphlet, and not translated into English. His account of the Safa was interesting, and fuller than any I had seen. But afterwards, on reading Mr. Graham's papers, I found that they were far fuller than Wetzstein's. On comparing the two accounts of the Safa, the topographical details regarding Hauran given by myself, Graham and Wetzstein, and the maps and itineraries, I confess I was left in doubt how much of the 'Reisebericht' was taken from others, and how much from the author's own observation. Any one can see that he has added little, if anything, to the information gleaned by his predecessors. Hence the statement made in the recent edition of my 'Five Years in Damascus.'

The facts are now before the public. They can form their own opinion on the points at issue. I did not see that any good could result from replying to Mr. Freshfield's private letters, and I am at present too much occupied with other matters to devote more time to a public correspondence on his erratic criticisms. J. LESLIE PORTER.

Literary Gossip.

THE meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, at Leicester, begins on Monday next. A full report of the proceedings will be given in the *Athenæum* for July 30th and August 6th.

THE excitement caused by the war has led to an increase of between 50 and 75 per cent. in the sale of the London daily papers. The *Times* has, we learn, despatched to Prussia two special correspondents, provided with proper credentials; and we shall be surprised if the leading journal remains satisfied with the present exclusion of its correspondents from the French lines. Nearly a dozen "maps of the seat of war" have already been advertised by English publishers and map-makers.

IT is with great regret that we have to announce the death, at the advanced age of 88, of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, the archaeologist and antiquary. Mr. Thorpe's attainments as an Anglo-Saxon scholar are widely known; and he was also noted for his zeal in the cause of social progress and enlightenment. He expired, without apparent suffering, at his house at Chiswick, at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 19th of July.

MR. CARLYLE has been nominated unanimously to the office of President of the London Library, in place of the late Earl of Clarendon, The venerable man of letters was, in truth, the

first to suggest the formation of the Institution. The suggestion was taken up by Mr. James Spedding, Mr. John Forster, and Mr. W. D. Christie, the last of whom laboured assiduously to promote the success of the undertaking. The office of Trustee, rendered vacant by Lord Clarendon's death, has been accepted by Lord Lyttelton.

SOME notices of the Stepney Family have just appeared in a small impression for private circulation. The most remarkable fact relating to the Stepneys, apart from their connexion with George Stepney, poet and diplomatist, is their relationship to Van Dyck the painter, and their descent through his wife, Mary Ruthven, from the Ruthvens, Earls of Gowrie, who played so conspicuous a part in Scottish history, in the time of James the Sixth, Elizabeth's successor on the throne of England.

THE obituary of the week contains the name of Mr. B. B. Orridge, the well-known author of several works illustrative of the ancient history of London and its citizens. Mr. Orridge devoted much time and labour to his favourite study.

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER requests us to state, that as he is leaving Maidenhead for a few weeks, he wishes that no letters, relating to his Reprints, should be sent to him until September.

THE *Grenzboten* for June 24, contained a warm tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Dickens, by the editor, Herr G. Freytag, the celebrated novelist. 'The Pickwick Papers,' he says, emancipated the German mind from the predominating influence of French fiction, and had a most powerful and healthy influence on German literature. Mr. Dickens's writings, he adds, have done much to awaken in Germany a kindly feeling towards England and Englishmen.

CONSCIENTIOUS workers in the field of letters are in these days rewarded by an admission more or less prompt into the cosmopolitan republic through translation. Mr. Smiles's 'Huguenots' in French, is announced by Cherbuliez, of Paris, with a preface by Athanasius Coqueril *jls*. An Italian version of the same author's 'Lives of Boulton and Watt,' is about to be published by Treves, of Milan, who has already sent forth five editions of the Italian translation of 'Self-Help.'

THE Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has awarded its ordinary prize for the year to M. Camille de Laberge, of the Bibliothèque Impériale, for his memoir on the History and Organization of Roman Fleets, to which is attached a collection of inscriptions relative to the subject. In the division of French Antiquities, the Academy awarded three medals: one to M. Auguste Montié, for his historical, archaeological and genealogical researches respecting Chevreuse; a second to M. Ernest Desjardins, for his studies of the geography of Gaul, after the Table of Peutinger; and the third to M. Joly, of Caen, for his work on Benoît de Sainte More and the romance of Troie.

AMONGST the works which received honorary mention by the Académie, was one by the Abbé Bernard, on the vexed question of the establishment of Christianity amongst the Gauls; an archaeological notice of the Roman camp at Chassey, by M. Flouest; and a work on the influence of popular idiom in the form

of certain French words, by M. Agnel. At the annual meeting of the five Academies in August, M. Hauréau is appointed to read a memoir, recently crowned by the Academy, on the Ruin and Re-establishment of the Schools of the West.

WE are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Williams, for nearly fifty years proprietor and editor of the *Cambrian*. The *Cambrian*, which is published at Swansea, is the oldest newspaper in Wales, having been started in 1804.

DR. ALEXANDER HERTZEN, the son of the celebrated Russian democrat, has published at Florence, where he resides, a clever work on the physiological analysis of man's free-will—'Analisi fisiologica del libero arbitrio umano.'

WE are glad to find that the *Journal of Philology* writes Vergil for Virgil, a praiseworthy innovation, which Prof. Conington declined to follow Ladewig in adopting.

AMONGST recent works on Dante, published in Germany, are—Prof. Karl Witte's 'Forschungen,' a collection of interesting essays on Dante, written at various times for the periodical press, and now first brought together by the author. The second part of the 'Jahrbuch der deutschen Dante-Gesellschaft,' amongst other papers, contains the following articles: 'On the Animal World in the Divina Commedia,' by Karl Witte; 'The Vision of the Terrestrial Paradise, and Biblical Revelation,' by J. A. Scartazzini; 'The Use which Dante made of the Storie Fiorentine of the Male-spini,' by Arnold Busson; 'A Dante Codice at the Cape of Good Hope,' by H. Griebner; 'The Matelda of Dante,' written in English by Dr. Barlow; and 'Michelangelo and Dante,' by M. Carrière. The many questions ably discussed in the 'Jahrbuch' render it a most useful addition to Dante literature.

CAPT. ERHARD, of the Bavarian Army, has published the first volume of an elaborate military history of the Palatinate, Franconia, Suabia and Bavaria. Parts of these countries at least are likely to be again the battle-ground of Europe.

THE Historical and Archaeological Society of the Duchy of Limburg continues to publish its yearly *Transactions* in a goodly volume in French.

A NEW English paper has been started at Shanghai in China and called the *Cycle*. It is charged with representing the antiprogressive party.

FROM the Netherlands we learn that Mr. J. J. Cremer has published a novel, 'A Travelling Companion,' in two volumes. Mr. R. Koopmans van Boekeren produces a short tale, 'The Fieldwatcher of Laterveer.' 'The Scheffels Family' is a one-volume novel by Johan Gram. The second part of J. Rodenberg's 'By the Grace of God, a Romance of Cromwell's Time,' has appeared. 'The Devil in Java,' by F. C. Wilsen, is a Netherlands India tale. We have also to chronicle two translations from Thackeray, Mr. Henry Wood's 'Red Court Farm,' Mr. Charles Reade's novel founded on Netherlands history, Auerbach's 'New Life,' M. E. Dodge's 'Sketches from North Holland Popular Life' has reached a second edition. Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' in Geel's translation has reached a third edition, a tribute to the Continental popularity of that book.

HERR BJÖRNSSON has published a new volume of poems.

A PAPER in Burmese, known as the *Burmese Herald*, and published in the city of Rangoon, has attracted the attention of the King of Burmah, who has bought it for 3,600*l.*, and gives a subsidy of 30*l.* monthly.

SCIENCE

Natural History Transactions of Northumberland and Durham. Part I. Vol. III. (London, Williams & Norgate; Dodsworth, Newcastle.)

THE title of this serial is obviously a misnomer, if not an absurdity. The publication consists, in fact, of the *Transactions* of perhaps the most useful and best conducted of those field clubs of which there exist too few, and which are calculated more than any other means to contribute to a thorough knowledge of the Natural History of the country in its widest sense. The Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club has long been known as deserving the character we have assigned to it, and the present portion of its transactions is fully calculated to uphold its prestige. It contains reports of much interest and fullness on the meteorology and climatology of this extensive and varied district by the Rev. R. F. Wheeler, which are so elaborately and judiciously worked out that they may be taken as a model by all local observers of such matters. There are also papers on many subjects of interest in natural history, both fossil and recent. 'On the Species of *Ctenodus* found in the Two Counties' and 'On the Remains of some Reptiles and Fishes from the Coal Fields of Northumberland,' by Messrs. Albany Hancock and Atthey, —'On the Crustacea of the Salt Marshes,' by G. S. Brady, —'On the Aculeate Hymenoptera,' by Mr. Bold, —'Entomological Notes for the Year 1868,' by the same, —'On some rare Birds recently found,' by Lord Ravensworth, — and the President's Annual Address, giving a summary of the work of the past year. But the paper which will probably excite the greatest interest in the general reader is one entitled 'An Inquiry into the Origin of certain Terrace Slopes in North Tynedale,' by the Rev. G. R. Hall. The occurrence of similar terraces in various places in Great Britain and other parts of the world has given rise to much discussion and to the enunciation of various theories as to their origin; and their existence in several localities within the district subjected to the investigation of Mr. Hall has afforded him a favourable opportunity of arriving at a reasonable and probable solution of the question. "Different observers—the geologist, the military engineer, the practical agriculturist, and the archaeologist have reviewed them from their own particular stand-point, and, as might be expected, have traced their formation to various and widely different agencies." Setting aside such instances as the parallel shelves or gradations in the scale of magnitude of the celebrated parallel roads of Glen Roy, respecting which the author observes that "there can be no doubt in any mind that the mighty forces of Nature alone have been operative in producing them, and that the supposition of man's handiwork is entirely put out of court," he proceeds to consider the primary question as to the origin of those examples which form the

subject of his paper, "whether natural or artificial, or partaking of both these characters." It would not be possible to condense within a reasonable space for the present notice the arguments by which he disposes of the previous theories. Whether, as Hutchinson and Pennant have supposed, they were "formed by Art for the purpose of marshalling the militia of the county, and showing to advantage," or, as others have imagined, they were "formed by the Romans on the hill-side into a sort of Amphitheatre;" or, again, whether they might have been intended as lines of entrenchment—field-works—thrown up for defence on an emergency. These and other theories are discussed in a very intelligent and exhaustive manner, and the author comes to the conclusion that they have a different origin from any of those already suggested. "That is, we find in them the early attempts at cereal cultivation of the ancient British inhabitants of the valley." There are not wanting numerous examples in other countries of a similar utilization of slopes for this purpose, by the formation of terraces affording sufficient horizontal areas for the cultivation of food-crops and other vegetable products.

The author sums up the process and results of his inquiry in the following passage:—

"We have seen how comparatively numerous are the examples of these singular and much-contested terraced-slopes in this southern district of North Tynedale; that though the era of the glacial drift has left traces of erosive action in the valley, it is very questionable whether such traces are exemplified to any appreciable extent in the parallel ledges now existing; that, moreover, certain peculiarities in their present form militate against the suppositions equally of their purely natural origin, and of their artificial formation as military lines of entrenchment; and that, passing by various untenable notions on the subject, we are led to adopt, as the sole remaining alternative, the theory which views them as examples of that terrace cultivation seen to have been in use among many different nations, and well adapted to meet the meagre requirements of the semi-savage tribes who inhabited the neighbouring hill forts and valley fastnesses, probably both in the Neo-lithic or later Stone-Age, and in time verging on the dawn of recorded history, as well as afterwards in the Roman-British period."

The whole of the details of this interesting paper would well reward the perusal of such as are interested in the bearing of individual facts upon the habits of the early semi-barbarous inhabitants of our island.

On the Distribution of Rain over the British Isles during the Year 1869, as observed at about 1,500 Stations in Great Britain and Ireland; with Remarks on Various Experiments, and an Appendix on Evaporation. Compiled by G. J. Symons. (Stanford.)

WE have given the title of this publication in full, as the simplest method of conveying to our readers the contents of the volume. The present work completes the first decade of systematic rainfall publications,—and the industrious compiler informs us that "we are now, in rainfall matters, far ahead of every nation in the world." It does appear that rain-gauges are now very fairly distributed over our islands, and we infer from the notes accompanying those returns that the gauges are trustworthy in construction, and correctly comparable with each other. We may therefore hope that some careful student of these returns will, in a little time, be enabled to make some generalizations which will show the relation of the rainfall to the geographical position and physical conditions of the several divisions of the United Kingdom. The

mean depth of rain in 1869, for the whole kingdom, was 34.96 inches; the average depth of the five years, 1860-65, having been 35.21. The greatest annual falls of rain recorded were the following:—

	Inches
ENGLAND—The Stye, Cumberland.....	198.19
Seathwaite, ditto.....	150.71
Langdale, ditto.....	119.50
WALES—Rhiwbridd, ditto.....	107.55
Festiniog.....	85.51
SCOTLAND—Upper Glencoe.....	121.50
IRELAND—Kenmare, Killarney.....	59.47

The least recorded were—

ENGLAND—North Sunderland.....	20.09
WALES—Great Orme's Head.....	27.96
SCOTLAND—East Linton, Haddington.....	15.77
IRELAND—Coolatine Park.....	24.05

There are several papers of considerable interest on the questions of rainfall and evaporation, which impart a more than usual value to this record of the "British Rainfall of 1869."

Neues aus der Geographie, Kartographie und Statistik Europa's und seiner Kolonien. (Berlin, Mittler & Son; London, Nutt.)

THIS Geographical and Cartographic Register, although as dry and closely packed as such publications generally are, seems to be very serviceable as a guide to those who desire to know the latest books and maps and statistics on European and colonial topography. The compiler appears to be more trustworthy for Germany and the adjoining countries than for remoter ones like "Schottland," the "Gaelic topography" of which country is naturally too cloudy for him. Yet he is an industrious gatherer of geographical titles, and may be found of ready and real use. Under Switzerland, for instance, may be seen the titles of the newer maps and guide-books, and items on projected railways. Notable is the project of the "Rigibahn," and the waggons or carriages, to hold seventy persons. Even in the midst of the driest topographical statistics, one might sit a-dreaming about the seventieth seat in a Rigi railway carriage. Who knows but that next month we may be occupying that identical seat!—going by railway to see the sunset and sunrise from the top of the Rigi, to which summit we have so often toiled on foot under a broiling morning sun? We now cross Mont Cenis in railway carriages,—why not mount the Rigi also? Referring to the pages relating to the Tyrol and Salzburg, we find registered several late publications known to us, including one English book. We are glad to note a paper by Col. von Sonklar, on the Zillerthal Alps, as will be all readers who know his previous valuable and exhaustive work on the Oetzthaler mountain group, which is a model of information and perspicuity. In the 286 pages of the Register under our notice are included the titular results of so vast an amount of local labour and research, that it may well put idle and sedentary people to open shame who travel only at the fireside. Alpine men will discover the titles of maps and papers useful to them under the appropriate local titles.

A NATURAL GASOMETER.

DURING the excitement about petroleum in the United States, a well was bored in Ontario county, about twenty miles from Rochester, State of New York, to explore for the valuable "ile." At a depth of 500 feet a cavity was pierced from which a rush of gas took place and has ever since continued. The boring is lined by a tube five inches in diameter, and up this the gas rises at the rate of from 15,000 to 18,000 feet every hour. When lighted, it produces, in a still atmosphere, a flame thirty feet long from the mouth of the tube; and the observations made on the stream of gas lead to the conclusion that it has not varied in quantity since it was first tapped. The temperature, so nearly as can be ascertained, is supposed to be about 50° Fahrenheit, and the illuminating power equal to that of six candles. The principal constituent is marsh gas 82.41, followed by carbonic acid 10.11, with smaller quantities of nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrocarbon. The source of this copious supply is supposed to be the formation known to American geologists as the "Marcellus shale," which in that region would be about 100 feet in thickness. If the

supply—600,000,000 feet of gas in a year—is to go on, we shall probably hear of steps being taken to turn it to profitable use.

CHANGES IN THE SUNDARBANS.

DR. OLDHAM, President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in his last annual address, recalls attention to that large district in the delta of the Ganges—long known as the Sunderbunds—but which he describes as Sundarbans. The district is one vast jungle, in which, as is said, the ruins of towns and cities are hidden, and its present condition is accounted for by theories of piratical incursions, or the rush of mighty waves from the sea. Dr. Oldham disputes this conclusion, and shows that whatever changes or destruction may have taken place in the Sundarban district has been occasioned by the natural action of running water. A river, whether large or small, flowing through a flat, gradually raises its own channel above the surrounding level, which, by bursting of banks, it eventually floods and devastates. A new bed is formed, and the process is repeated in different parts of the flat. And considering that the Sundarbans lie at the outflow of the Hugly, the Brahmaputra, and other large streams, their wasted condition is sufficiently accounted for without calling in special and extraordinary catastrophes. The ruins described are those of towns and villages once situate on fresh-water channels, but in which, by the changes, salt water was substituted for fresh, when they were necessarily abandoned. The action has taken place from west to east, but will soon be stopped by what Dr. Oldham calls "the rooting barrier of the Tipperah hills," and will then take the opposite direction, and the eastern part of the great flat will in turn be submerged and depopulated. In Dr. Oldham's opinion the changes will be beneficial to the new port of Morellgunj; and he suggests that they should be watched with reference to their general cause, and to the wider results, rather than with a view to the preservation of any special limited locality. "The time will undoubtedly come," he remarks, "when the larger quantity of those great rivers will again, having filled in this great depression, tend to the west, and will eventually find their way to the ocean through the now nearly abandoned courses of the Bhagirathi and Hugly."

PROCTOR'S STAR-ATLAS.

I SHOULD be glad if you would permit me to point out why the excellent plan suggested by the reviewer of my Atlas (whose kindness, let me here acknowledge with thanks) was not adopted, nor can be in future editions. If the lines of right ascension and declination were printed separately, the maps could not have a tithe of the accuracy which I considered essential. Even though the printers could ensure perfect "registering," the irregular expansion of the paper after wetting would cause absolutely large errors. I think, not one star on the original large sheets was misplaced by so much as the 200th part of an inch, and such a misplacement, in Mr. Brothers' admirable reductions, would be diminished to one 300th part of an inch. Now, a misplacement by a 30th, or even a 20th of an inch, is quite a common result of even the most careful printing. For many purposes of reference my Atlas would have been ruined by such a misplacement of the meridians and parallels.

This will answer several correspondents who made a similar suggestion while the maps were in progress, and will also explain why, in the new issue now called for, the old arrangement remains unchanged.

The index maps having been engraved on steel, it would be impossible to remove the constellation-figures. But these maps being in reality only intended as index-plates, the figures do no harm; and many people will not look at a Star-Atlas in which the monsters are not shown somewhere or other.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WORKING UNDER PRESSURE.

A RAILWAY-BRIDGE is in course of construction across the Mississippi at St. Louis. The piers are

built on the solid rock lying 120 feet below the ordinary high-water mark; and in excavating for the foundations a prodigious amount of sand, gravel and clay had to be removed. This was accomplished by pumps, which lifted out all the loose material, except the gravel suitable for concrete. In laying the foundations the men worked in an air-chamber, in which, to ensure a proper supply for breathing, the air was kept at a pressure of about four atmospheres, and, as it appears, with injurious results. The flames of the candles by which the chamber was lighted were twice as large as in the natural atmosphere, and so much smoke was thrown off that various contrivances for getting rid of it had to be employed. Most of the men employed were seized with numbness and stiffness, from which they recovered under treatment in the open air; but some were so severely paralyzed that they died. After this fatal incident the "spells" of work in the air-chamber were reduced to one hour, which was found to be a safe limit.

ASIATIC RUSSIA.

AN Indian contemporary prints a translation of a paper published by the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, in which the author, Mr. W. Venuikof, presents 'Statistical Data on the Area of Asiatic Russia,' and makes a total of 5,788,700 square miles, British measure. To this large extent east and west Siberia, with the islands of the Arctic and Pacific Oceans, contribute 5,300,020 square miles; the rest is made up of the country of the Orenburg Kirghizes, and the Kirghizes of the Jaxartes, and the trans-Chui land. The length of the Arctic coast from the Kara-Bight to Behring's Strait is 7,333 miles; the Pacific coast has 6,067 miles; and the shores of the Caspian and the Aral may be reckoned as 1,167 miles. Considering that one half of the Siberian waters are not available for navigation, the proportion is one linear mile of coast to 790 square miles of country, a condition "as unfavourable as in the case of purely continental Africa."

On the other hand, there are fourteen of the inland lakes, which, in all, have an area of nearly 33,000 square miles, where navigation and fishing may be carried on, besides the great rivers of Siberia affording water communication over a prodigious extent of country, from the Pacific to the foot of the Ural mountains, and from Turukhausk to Barnaul, Kiakhta, and the valley of the Asouri. But, unless mere bigness has a value, the greater part of Asiatic Russia will be unprofitable. Of land "unsuitable for settled life," the quantity, according to Mr. Venuikof, amounts to 3,768,000 square miles.

Science Gossip.

EACH improvement brings with it its own defect; each new medicine is attended by its own ailments. It is strange that the peace negotiations in the height of the crisis were affected by novel accidents affecting modern instruments of progress. The message in cipher sent by the French minister from Ems, through the electric telegraph, was so blurred by a thunder-storm that it only created anxiety in the Foreign Office. The messenger, who was despatched by railway, was detained at the same period for three hours by a train going off the rails; and thus by accidents unknown to our fathers, the peace of the world was imperilled at a critical moment.

THE Corps Législatif has voted 100,000 francs by way of amendment to the budget of the Minister of Letters, Science, and the Fine Arts, in order to enable M. Lambert to set out at once on his Arctic voyage. It is refreshing to see the Deputies thus beginning really to take the initiative.

At the meeting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Dumas pronounced a panegyric and gave an account of the career of Théophile Pelouze.

M. CHANTRAN has exhibited, before the Académie des Sciences, a series of specimens illustrating the development of the Crayfish. The eggs are usually laid in January, and hatch in about

six months. The young crayfish changes its skin, or shell, ten days after it leaves the egg, and "moults" no less than five times during the first hundred days of its life, and eight times in its first year. In its second year it "moults" five times; in its third year, twice; and at the beginning of its fourth year it is full-grown. The rapidity with which the new shell is formed after each change is astonishing: in twenty-four hours the claws are as hard as before, and in forty-eight the whole shell is completely calcified.

M. B. RENAULT, Professor of Chemistry in the Scientific School of Cluny, has discovered a number of plants in the fossils of Autun, differing from those already noticed. Careful examination under the microscope of well-preserved stems of *Zygoperis* and *Anachoropteris* shows differences between those plants and ferns of the present day, but not sufficiently to disprove these varieties from the family. M. Renault has also succeeded in recognizing plants of the genus *Lycopodium* in some small fossil remains, thus showing the existence in ancient formations of a genus of plants not found in the French coal-fields, and rarely in those of other countries.

SOME experiments have been made which show that vaccine lymph may be exposed to a very low temperature without losing any of its properties.

THE Académie des Sciences has awarded the Poncelet prize of 2,000 frs. to Dr. R. V. Mayer, of Heilbron.

DR. JOSEPH REDTENBACHER, one of the active members of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, is dead.

TWO essays were sent in for the mathematical prize of the Académie des Sciences, but neither was considered to deserve the reward. The secular acceleration of the moon's motion, which was the subject, will stand over for the year 1873.

A MONUMENT to Kepler has been erected at Weidestadt, in Suabia. It is a statue standing on a base adorned with bas-reliefs. In the astronomer's left hand is a parchment, on which an ellipse is drawn, and in his right is a pair of compasses. The bas-reliefs represent scenes from Kepler's life. The monument is the work of a sculptor of Nuremberg, named Kreling.

THE second number of the periodical *Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane*, contains a highly interesting paper on Japan and its inhabitants, and on the language and literature of the Japanese, by Prof. Anselmo Severini.

THE third volume of the 'Bollettino di bibliografia e di Storia delle scienze matematiche e fisiche,' published under the direction of Prince B. Boncompagni, at Rome, contains three papers on Count Tragnano, and a bibliographical notice by Prof. Genocchi.

THE official Gazette of Sweden contains a government notice to the effect that henceforward women in that kingdom will be allowed to practise and to study medicine on the same footing as men.

THE Maharajah of Vizianagram dedicates 20,000*l.* to the foundation of an Alfred Medical College at Allahabad, to commemorate his interview with the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE tussock grass of New Zealand is being tried at Otago as a material for paper-making.

DR. BARBIER, chief surgeon at the Hôtel Dieu, and one of the best-known surgeons in Paris, has just died, after a painful illness of several months.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION will CLOSE on SATURDAY NEXT, the 30th inst. Admission (from the 25th to the 30th, and from 8 A.M. till 7 P.M.), Sixpence. Catalogue, Sixpence.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY NEXT, July 30th.—5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*s.* WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will CLOSE their THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION on SATURDAY, the 30th inst.—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall West, Open Daily from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, including 'Christian Martyr,' 'Monastery,' 'Triumph of Christianity,' 'Francesca de Rimini,' at the New Gallery.—OPEN from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1*s.*

CAVALIERE VERTUNNI (of Naples), Resident of Rome, EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF ITALIAN SCENERY, and Marble Medallions by Miss Margaret Foley. DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Open from Ten till Five. Admission, One Shilling. R. F. McNAIR, Secretary and Manager.

Lectures on Art delivered before the University of Oxford in Hilary Term, 1870. By John Ruskin. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.)

WE have in this eloquent volume the first fruits of the Slade Bequest for Art Lectureship. We recorded with shame that certain youths had destroyed the property of Christ Church; and had these persons belonged to what are called the "lower orders" they would probably have received that kind of chastisement which attended the much less inexcusable barbarism of the fellow who smashed the Portland Vase with a Babylonian or Persepolitan brick, or which was awarded to the crazy creature who injured a picture in the National Gallery. There must be need for a teacher of Art where undergraduates can, even if tipsy, conceive an outrage of this nature; but they will no longer have the excuse of ignorance if Mr. Ruskin continues to hold his present office. With his eloquence, his brilliant thoughts, his vivid style of discussion, and his attractive manner, he seems to us precisely the man to undertake the duties of such a post; and his very prejudices, arising as they do from intense feeling for his beloved studies, from the heart rather than from the brain, are not unlikely to prove of service to him. As earnestness is said almost to command success, and Mr. Ruskin seems to live in order to enunciate his sentiments about the dignity, the all-saving nobility of Art, it will not be his fault if another iconoclastic freak dishonours his Alma Mater.

As we have already given abstracts of the Slade Professor's mode of treating his chief topics in the course of lectures which are now in question, it will not be needful to return to that part of the subject: rather let us express a warm feeling of delight in, and admiration for, the result of his appointment, as here apparent. We shall endeavour to characterize the series of discourses by brief extracts and a running commentary on a few passages which most aptly display the lecturer and his views. The mode of exposition adopted is necessarily popular; it could not be otherwise in such a case; yet even this qualification does not imply that the aesthetic thoughts of Mr. Ruskin are less wise, earnest and reverent than they have so often been. There is nothing to diminish our satisfaction except that which has so often appeared in Mr. Ruskin's later and quasi-political writings,—a certain unfortunate tendency to antagonism to what seems to be assumed is a new state of common feeling in respect to Art. We fear, notwithstanding the author's heart-stirring appeals to history and to Nature, that men of nations situated like ours in regard to the cultivation of design were never much more advanced than we ourselves, and that even among much better-informed people veneration and rapturous appreciation for Art have been, as with other studies, rather individual than national. An impatient, not to say exaggerated, intolerance of such short-

comings is a part of Mr. Ruskin's enthusiastic character and super-sensuous spirit; yet such intolerance is unphilosophical, and, when exercised on points which are, at least at present, irremediable, annoying to some who love Art as earnestly as the author of 'Modern Painters,' and see in the vehemence as well as in the melancholy of his remarks what is certain to provoke distaste and revulsion, if not antagonism to precepts, the wisdom of which should lie hardly less in the manner of their enforcement than in their intrinsic validity. The Art teacher has enough, and more than enough, to do in honouring his office, without provoking scorn, even from the ignorant. Mr. Ruskin's aims are high, his convictions are noble, and, apart from that unpractical weakness to which we have just alluded, it is certain that he is in the right when, after pointing out some of the more injurious influences which affect the study and practice of Art, he urges painters to be just to themselves, and not to look for immediate profit in their labours, but to be confidently hopeful of due rewards:—

"It is one of the facts which the experience of thirty years enables me to assert without qualification that a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought, unless it is wilfully rendered offensive to the public by faults which the artist has been either too proud to abandon or too weak to correct."

It may be that this declaration is now-a-days well grounded, but the lives of such men as Wilson are unhappy comments on its fallacy in the last age. That, as in Wilson's case, temporary influences do affect what may be called the "market" for Fine Art, is admitted in a passage which follows the above. Here our author touches upon the worst characteristic of modern demand for works of Art, and indicates the nature of that remedy for the providing of which his present office has been mainly established. The difficulty lies less with the producers, or artists, than with their patrons, the public:—

"I need scarcely refer, except for the sake of completeness in my statement, to one form of demand for Art which is wholly unenlightened, and powerful only for evil—namely, the demand of the classes occupied solely in the pursuit of pleasure for objects and modes of art that can amuse indolence or satisfy sensibility. There is no need for any discussion of these requirements, or of their forms of influence, though they are very deadly at present in their operation on sculpture, and on jewellers' work. They cannot be checked by blame, nor guided by instruction; they are merely the necessary results of whatever defects exist in the temper and principles of a luxurious society; and it is only by moral changes, not by Art-criticism, that their action can be modified."

To these shortcomings of English Art-feeling the author addresses himself, and hopes to teach an otherwise cultivated class of society which is almost untrained in Art: yet he does not hesitate to aver that we English will never excel in decorator's design, because we have too many anxieties, too much to think about, to permit that halcyon state of mind which in less energetic races is assumed to be favourable to the development and enjoyment of fine design of this order. Mr. Ruskin avers, also, that we cannot hope to excel in higher forms of design, "ideal or theological art"; he rather peremptorily rejects our hopes in the matter, on account of our national delight in "forms of burlesque which are connected in some degree with foulness or evil." Taking chances as the

aptest illustration of the English æsthetic sense, this assertion may be accepted. He has comfort, if such it can be called, in proclaiming our victories in portraiture, domestic drama, also in animal painting and landscape. It is well for Turner's prophet that he did not forget the last form of design; we take Turner's art at its best to be not unworthy of classification with the sublimest Art, for it is far more precious than a mere form of painting, and certainly such works as his are not void of the highest imagination, although it is not expressed by the human shape, which is, of course, the loftiest and most precious material, if we may use the phrase, for exercise in design. It does not affect the validity of the lecturer's assertion that one race only has reached the summit of Art, and that it seems impossible for moderns to be equally fortunate.

Accepting and asserting Art to be, if we may so say, a form of worship, it was incumbent in Mr. Ruskin to enforce his belief in its worthiness by a display of profound conviction, powerful arguments and rich illustrations. He would have his hearers rid themselves of the notion, too common in practice if not in principle, that Art is no better than the handmaid of delight and graceful recreation. "All the great arts have for their object either the support or exaltation of human life—usually both." "The highest of them are appointed also to relate to us the utmost ascertainable truth respecting visible things and moral feelings." "The great arts—forming thus one perfect scheme of human skill, of which it is not right to call one division more honourable, though it may be more subtle than another—have had, and can have, but three principal directions of purpose,—first, that of enforcing the religion of men; secondly, that of perfecting their ethical state; thirdly, that of doing them material service." He guards himself by expressing serious doubts whether, in regard to Art as adapted to the enforcement of religious doctrines and emotions, it has not hitherto done more evil than good. Three of these lectures are devoted to showing the grave relations in these three functions of art to human life. No one is so well qualified by studies and earnestness as our author to fulfil the noble office which is thus summarized. In the mere attempt, apart from the intrinsic truth and force of the views which are thus barely indicated, there is that which is great and noble; the manner of dealing with the matters in question is at once worthy of the themes and of the highest aims of the lecturer; above all it is exquisitely well adapted to rouse the finer elements in the minds of his audience, and thus send his listeners on the road he points to them, and procure success for them in their journeys upon this almost untrodden way. To do more than barely indicate the purposes of our lecturer is needless and impracticable, because we cannot in a brief space follow him. To point out what seems to us the defects of this volume, beyond what we have already done, would be ungenerous and supererogatory. Our counsel to all whom it may concern, and there must be few whom it does not concern, is, that they should take this eloquent volume to themselves, and be assured of profit and pleasure of those kinds which have been rightly described as the highest. The practical, or more truly, technical lectures are admirable, so far as their powers admit.

To say that these discourses do not contain

so much that is novel to serious students as a fresh, tender and wise mode of treatment, is only to aver that the author is worthy of his office, does not seek to exalt himself by flying above the heads of his audience, nor to mislead that audience in discussions which must be as vain as they would be injurious. He appeals powerfully to the feelings and intellect of those who are before him, and then wisely turns their attention to those modes of practice which can alone render them capable of appreciating Art.

THE NAVAL GALLERY, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THERE is no public collection of pictures, not even the one at Dulwich, which is less visited by artists and archaeological students than that in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. On the other hand, there is scarcely one that is more popular; considering the comparatively small number, 123 in all, of pictures it contains,—that the greater proportion of these are "old-fashioned" portraits of men whose names are now-a-days not often heard,—that the exhibition is professional, and not in London,—no gathering of the sort can compete with this in the number of its visitors. That artists are rarely to be found among these is less remarkable than that the place should be popular in the strictest sense of that term. Yet the most fastidious painters will acknowledge the surpassing merits of several among the marine pictures which hang on the richly-decorated walls of Wren and Thornhill; historical students also will acknowledge the charm of portraits of great English naval commanders, each in his own habit and rich in characteristic expression. A few remarks, suggested by a recent visit, may not be out of place in the *Athenæum* nor unacceptable to the reader.

First, of the place itself: there is a peculiar charm in its magnificence and grandiose appearance; landscape-painters, from Chambers to Holland, have acknowledged the picturesque quality of the architecture, and hardly do justice to the weight of architects' objections that the design is incomplete and maimed from the want of a central element; the view from Greenwich Hill attracted able painters before Turner depicted it in one of his most pathetic and grand designs or drew it for the 'Liber Studiorum.' Mr. Dawson, a lover of Greenwich, painted it only the other day with noble effect and grave sentiment. As to its nearer or interior aspect, James Holland, one of the truest of English artists, found his first subject in one of the Hospital vistas; the Painted Hall contains one of his recent productions, a work which makes us wonder how the artist has not obtained from the French a share of that keen appreciation and high applause which is given to Bonington, Müller and a few other English masters of that sort, who have thriven in colour, treatment of light and chiaroscuro in architecture. That such a painter as Holland should have a somewhat narrow and professional circle of admirers in a country and at a time when so purely false and inartistic an architectural draughtsman—one cannot say painter—as D. Roberts thrives on popular honours is a striking illustration of the influence of picture-dealers and picture-dealing amateurs and the ignorance of Art which have operated so prejudicially upon design in this country. With auction rooms for their fields of action, and by means of biddings appealing to those who buy pictures not for Art's sake but for investment, these persons have succeeded in making the name of Roberts better known than that of De Louthembourg, a master, one of whose masterworks is at Greenwich and little seen, and for a time so "rigged" the markets that while Vincent, Gainsborough, Chalon, Crome, Constable and a score of fine artists were at a discount, Roberts held a place not far below that of Turner and rather above that of Stanfield.

An opportunity for comparing De Louthembourg with Turner, on favourable terms for the former, is afforded by two celebrated pictures in this collection. This comparison is more completely available because the debt of Turner to his master in

effective design and the treatment of warlike subjects is obvious on looking at the works which are opposed on these walls. There are, besides these, fine pictures by Devis—'The Death of Nelson' (72), a sound example of light and shade, managed with power which is the more remarkable on account of its fidelity to nature. A striking portrait of Nelson by Abbot, said to have been painted in an hour, is wonderfully rich in character. 'The Victory of Aboukir Bay' (81), by Arnold, deserves high admiration on account of an expressive incident and its good composition. Chambers's 'Bombardment of Algiers' (66) has elements of dignity to aid its prosaic and solid execution. Many more examples of the interest of this collection may be observed by the student. The condition of the pictures has been much improved by means of the zealous and judicious care-taking and heedful restorations and cleanings which have been effected while the Gallery has been in the charge of Mr. S. Hart, R.A., who has evidently made his post an office of affection. The arrangements, as made by this artist, could not be better. A better Catalogue is required.

There is something appropriate to the service of the place as a Valhalla of Naval Heroes and memorial of by-gone wars and victories, in the aspect of the shadowed, lofty, murmurous Hall, as we enter it after leaving the now-deserted long colonnades, and the swiftly flowing, brilliantly lighted, busy river, the moving craft and confused sounds of life. The shining day that without floods all we see, pours through the high clerestory in long streams, which show the grandiose roof, with its pictures by Thornhill in a mist of brightness,—which is less effective in reducing the tones of the faded grisailles on the pilasters. This subdued splendour is in keeping with the pompous inscription on the frieze. These elements give a look of gravity to a place which is rightly and happily one of the most popular sights in England, and has a solemnity of aspect quite different from that character which is due to the attractiveness and glitter of the courts of the South Kensington Museum, or to the severe, bald, but studious looks of the saloons of the British Museum; the low-browed, small and mean "rooms" of the National Gallery contrast most unfortunately with this grand hall. The very demeanour of the visitors in the Painted Hall testifies to the pathetic impression of this magnificence upon them: men, women and children, in moving as in speaking, are awed but not oppressed, and seem to feel that they are in presence of shadows of dead captains, from Willoughby to Sir William Peel.

Something of this striking effect is due to the quaint, rich costumes of the old champions of the English seas; here, in a quilted coat of white, is the stiff but grave and thoughtful portrait of the Elizabethan sailor: sometimes a corset is bare, or half hidden by lappels of a laced coat: in many pictures is the gleam of armour, and here and there is a drawn sword in the hands of portraits of admirals of Anne and George the First. Steadfast, but not grim, genial without a smile, here is the picture of that mastiff-like, kindly-hearted Englishman, "Old Benbow"—quite another sort of man than one would expect to see; and still more removed from one's pre-conceptions is the rosy aspect of stout Sir John Norris, a commander who received the pet-name of "Foul-weather Jack," because he rarely went to sea but in a storm: in the background Knappton painted a strong gale and leaden sky. Here is Kempenfeldt of the Royal George, and dead

Twice four hundred men.

Here are the captains of Penn; here is Blake, the greatest of sea-generals; here the stately though low-born gentleman, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the last of chivalric knights, Howard, Montagu, Keith, St. Vincent, Mings, Hawkins, Hood, Rodney, Russell, Rooke, Vernon, Dilkes, Anson, Collingwood, Cook, and a score or two more of men of fame, are commemorated and represented here. Besides the suggestions and associations of these portraits and the pictures of the wars of the Captains, there is something grateful to the finer sense in the

sobered splendours of the Hall, where nothing seems to be smartened, where everything is "ship-shape," but nothing is gaudy; nothing has been deprived by a vulgar fidgetiness of its venerable aspect,—more fortunate than the tombs of kings in Westminster Abbey, which, as doubtless pure taste demanded, must needs be made to look as good as new. The box which contains Nelson's coat has not been lacquered or "done up" in any fashion: the walls have not been varnished; the pictures have not been mocked by crudely-stained windows, nor the place degraded by childish renovations.

One of the portraits which will interest most is that by Abbot, before referred to, in the Nelson Room (6), placed with records of his career,—from his volunteering to board a prize in a gale, to his death, as represented in a dreadful work by B. West. There are pictures by J. J. Chalon and Chambers. Among those which have interest for literary students are several which the Duke of York (James the Second) caused Lely to paint, as recorded by Pepys in the 'Diary,' 1666, who says that he "saw the heads—some finished, and all begun—of the flag-men in the late great fight with the Duke of York against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed." Of the series thus described, one only is not here. The items include Ascue's, Tyddiman's, Mings's, Jordan's, Berkeley's, Allen's, Harman's, Monk's, Montagu's, and Smith's likenesses.

The picture which, as such, deserves most to be studied here is De Louthembourg's 'Action of the 1st of June, 1794' (25), commonly called Lord Howe's victory. Its vigour is extraordinary. Here are two ships racing at the head of a ruck of war. Sails and sails, masts beyond masts in a wilderness, appear behind them and above the slow seas of smoke, that are more dreadful than the sea itself. Headlong the Queen Charlotte and her antagonist tear before the wind; they are close, and firing heavily at each other: as they go furious and fast, the white seas, seemingly of no more account than the foam of their crests, are dashed aside. On and on they go, heedless of all but war,—heedless of the boats which, now right in their path, have put out to rescue the drowning, who cling to sinking fragments of a ship. In a moment more, these, wrecked and deliverers, must take a common fate, as the great ships career over them. There are great holes everywhere in the huge sails; the sprit-sail under the Englishman's bowsprit has been torn woefully; her Jack still flies high on her mainmast head, but her fore-topmast, fore-top-gallant-mast, and fore-royal, with all their sails and hamper to the very truck, have been unluckily shot away, and, with men on the yards, plunge down in a maze of ruin to the sea, and just before where, sedate, the gigantic effigy, crowned and robed, of Queen Charlotte, sits on the stem. The composition of this noble picture should be looked at and compared with Turner's relatively flimsy and absolutely untrue 'Battle off Cape Trafalgar' (76), a picture which, for its faithlessness, is abhorred by seamen. The drawing of De Louthembourg's ships, their rigging, sails and fittings, is masterly and exemplary. Turner's work will not bear a moment's study in this respect.

A telling point is made in Arnold's picture of 'The Victory in Aboukir Bay' (81), where the exploding vessel on our left sends upwards a mimic storm of wind. This rushing on high blows out the great fore-top-sail of her antagonist, and causes it to lift with a terrible wafting. A fine example of another and thoroughly naive mode of looking at a subject, one which is by no means void of grandeur, is that of D. Serres' picture of 'Sir E. Hughes's third action with M. de Suffrein, off Vizagapatam, 6th January, 1782' (3). Here is broad Indian summer, also calm on sultry seas that have a dulled lustre on their surfaces, air so steady that the smoke of two long lines of ships firing "hammer and tongs" at each other lies in ponderous-looking masses about their sides, and neither rises nor sinks.

COMMERCE AND FINE ART.

THAN advertisements none among British nuisances are more distressing to the eyes of artists and others with a sense of fitness and beauty, to say nothing of those who regard seriously their breaches of truth. To amend the taste may aid in amending the morality of lying, useless and gaudy posters and the like; so we look with satisfaction upon an attempt which has been made in that unlikely place, New York, and by means of a periodical called *American Enterprise*, which has been "established with a view to demonstrate for the first time that the highest art may be rendered tributary to the most practical business interests." An attractive sheet of woodcuts has been produced, the work of one of the best English artists, Mr. W. J. Linton, who went to New York a few years since, and has done wonders in improving the practice of his art in the United States, which used to be in a miserable state. On what a scale this thing is put forth, the reader will conceive on learning that the largest advertisement measures 26 inches by 16 inches, and is not merely another illustration of that coarseness which so often leads our cousins to mistake "bigger" for "greater," and believe they have the best when they only got the biggest. In this cut, and, in a less degree, in the smaller advertisements, Mr. Linton has done his best, and produced excellent specimens of effective wood-engraving; it is a pity such work is thrown away on common, if not vile, designs.

Fine-Art Gossip.

It was understood that the long-debated plan for decorating with works of art the interior of the Houses of Parliament was but delayed in execution, not abandoned, and that new arrangements would be made to the end in view. We are glad to be able to state that there is a prospect of progress in this matter. Mr. Ayrton recently called a meeting of artists who had been engaged in works of all kinds at Westminster, and has consulted them on the subject. He will be applauded for this act, and his mode of proceeding accepted as the true one. It is understood that no committee of amateurs will be instructed to deal with this subject; but a scheme such as these artists may devise will be taken into consideration, and probably submitted to Parliament, with a view of obtaining a grant for the purpose. Many of the painters are, we believe, in favour of accepting fresco as the mode for adoption. This, or the employment of the recently-devised compound of paraffin and wax, will most likely be accepted. The unaltered condition of Dyce's frescoes, in the Queen's Robing Room, is admitted to be strongly in favour of fresco as the mode of execution to be adopted. Paraffin and wax have been used with great success on several of the pictures which have suffered at Westminster—less fortunately on those, like Mr. Cope's, in the corridor, which were wrought with water-glass.

A RETURN to an Order of the House of Commons has just been published, and contains the correspondence between the Office of Works and the architect of the new National Gallery, in continuation of the Return of the 10th of March last; likewise the Report of the architect on the plan of the new building. This publication comprises several plans and designs for a new Gallery: among the latter is one which appears to be a joint production by Mr. Layard and Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave, architect. This, although not without considerable architectural merit, is far less desirable than the existing building; as to the latter, which is represented here, one may say that its beauty is great—or, rather, would be so if the dome and cupolas were removed. Mr. Murray's design is likewise illustrated, also that of Mr. E. M. Barry. As the authorities seem to have decided—very wisely, we believe—that there is no need to press for immediate execution any design for a new National Gallery, we confine ourselves at present to this announcement.

MR. G. F. WATTS has a commission from the Marquis of Westminster to execute an equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, the marquis's ancestor. This is to be set up at the end of the avenue of Eaton Hall. The model, in clay, for this group is well advanced.

THE Committee of Judges for selecting pictures and decorative pictorial Art at the International Exhibition next year is now completely named. It consists of Messrs. Elmore, R.A., Marks, A. Hunt, H. Warren and Dillon, oil and water-colour painting; with Messrs. Redgrave, R.A., and Morris, for decorative painting in general. The "lay element" in the Committee consists of Lord Bury, Lord Elcho, and Sir Coutts Lindsay.

M. FÉLIX RAVAILLON, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, has been appointed Conservator of the Antiquities and of Modern Sculpture in the Museum of the Louvre, in the place of M. de Longperier, resigned.

AT Mr. Graves's, Pall Mall, may be seen a very interesting portrait, which has been removed from the library at Chesterfield House, a building which will shortly be occupied by Mr. Maguire. This portrait has long been said to represent Ben Jonson, whose name it bears in an inscription which is evidently of the eighteenth century, c. 1750. Its likeness to other portraits is such that one can hardly doubt that Ben Jonson was the original. The figure is placed near a table, and holds a laurel wreath, and is thus associated with a poet laureate: the costume and manner of execution, although the latter does not seem to us intact, perfectly agree with the likeness and the title it has received. The wart near the nostril, so apparent in Honthorst's portrait, is here likewise.

A NUMBER of small cinerary urns, containing calcined bones, have been found in a field in the outskirts of Aubusson: this is the first positive proof discovered of the Roman occupation at Aubusson, and it supports the tradition which attributes the foundation of the Château to the first Cæsar.

MUSIC

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—SUMMARY OF THE SEASON.

COVENT GARDEN Theatre was opened for its twenty-fourth Royal Italian Opera Season on Tuesday, the 29th of March, and the closing performance takes place on Saturday, the 23rd of July. The prospectus announced that the subscription was to consist of forty nights, the subscribers to have the option of selecting either of the two nights out of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. This privilege was, however, but a nominal one, as on the extra nights of Wednesday and Friday, the final subscription evenings in July, were, at the sole pleasure of the directors, transferred to other nights. The arrangement, or rather disarrangement, enabled the management to secure for their extra representations the most attractive artists. When a stall subscriber counted on a Saturday or a Tuesday to hear Madame Patti, the chances were that he had to listen to Mdle. Sessi. The subscription has now become in fact a farce, owing to the system of beginning, during the full season, to have five performances, and extending them eventually to six, during the week. But it is not merely that the subscribers, looking to the pledges in a prospectus, and relying to have, out of their forty nights, a full realization of the pledges, are terribly disappointed in their expectations,—the evil extends much further. In the first place, the number of novelties is much restricted; as for new operas, there can be little time for rehearsals; and the revivals, especially if the casts of past years be varied as regards the principal parts, can only take place under very disadvantageous circumstances,—haste, hurry, and flurry bring the disorder of the day and the inefficiency of the night. The annexed tabular return will at once prove the statement. During the season, the following operas have been given:

MOZART—Il Flauto Magico; Nozze di Figaro; Don Giovanni. AUBER—Fra Diavolo; Domino Noir; Masaniello.

BEETHOVEN—Fidelio.

MEYERBEER—Les Huguenots; L'Africaine; L'Étoile du Nord; Dinorah.

VERDI—Traviata; Il Ballo; Rigoletto.

CAMPANA—Esmeralda.

DONIZETTI—La Favorita; La Figlia; Don Pasquale; Lucia; Lucrezia Borgia.

ROSSINI—William Tell; Il Barbiere.

FLÖTOW—Marta.

BELLINI—Puritani; Sonnambula; Norma.

CHERUBINI—Medea.

AMBOISE THOMAS—Hamlet.

GOUNOD—Faust.

We may remark that 'Masaniello' was never given in its entirety: an extract only was used after a short opera; that the mad scene of Ophelia was occasionally played by Mdle. Sessi, to sustain Mdle. Tietjens; and the first act of 'Norma' was executed at times by Mdle. Tietjens, to sustain Mdle. Sessi.

Now it would not tax in an extraordinary manner the ability of an ordinary conductor to direct the execution of operas, which, having been in the repertoire nearly a quarter of a century with an experienced band and chorus, are so familiar as the 'Lucia,' the 'Sonnambula,' 'Don Pasquale,' the 'Figlia,' 'Norma,' the 'Barbiere,' &c.; but when there is a question of what is termed grand operas, such as the works of Meyerbeer, of Mozart, of Rossini, of Donizetti, &c., the necessity of efficient preparation is obvious. With such repeated representations during the week, amounting at times to the employ of every evening, to expect that principals, chorus and orchestra, after being detained for hours in the day, can come fresh to their work for the evening is unreasonable. Granted that a triple or quadruple troupe as regards the leading singers is secured, assuming that the bow-arm of the stringed-instrument players can stand the wear and tear, there is no rest for the lungs of the chorists nor for the breath of the instrumentalists who have the charge of the wood and brass. For two years now, 1869 and 1870, the Covent Garden directors have essayed the experiment of a constant change of the repertoire with the aid of two conductors, and the attempt from the Art point of view has proved an utter failure. Even that class of opera frequenters, who are called the "friends of the house," and who are designated as loyalists by the management, but who might be termed "claqueurs" in Paris, do not hesitate to talk freely of the decline of the once-vaunted Covent Garden ensemble. A theatre, it is true, is somewhat in the same situation as a once-famed restaurant, the proprietor of which supplies a first-class cuisine for a time, and then relies on his early reputation; but gradually the falling off is found out. It is a mere question of time, how long the general public will support the highest priced lyric establishment in the world with the lowest quality of entertainment. As one or two *plats* only will not make a choice menu, so a star or two will not suffice to constitute an effective ensemble. Last year there were two chefs for the Covent Garden cuisine—Signori Arditi and Li Calsi; these disappeared this year to make way for Signori Vianesi and Bevingnani. Whatever may be the relative merits of the four conductors, it is very certain that the execution this season has been infinitely worse. The first nights of 'Don Giovanni,' of 'William Tell,' of the 'Huguenots,' of the 'Domino Noir,' of the 'Flauto Magico,' of the 'Africaine,' and of the 'Étoile du Nord,' will not easily be forgotten for their sins of omission and of commission. It is pretended that the general public cannot appreciate a delicate and refined ensemble,—that the majority of the audience are insensible to the state of confusion engendered by forces under rather loose discipline and control,—that the opera-house is the mere resort of fashion,—and that, during two months of the season, anything will pass muster. What cannot be cured must be endured: but how long? Was there not an Impresario once at Her Majesty's Theatre, who tried to play a secondary game?—and was he not checkmated at a period when his power seemed to be paramount? Was it the perfection of the performances of 1869 which caused the opening of Drury Lane this year for a second Italian Opera-house? If Covent Garden had fulfilled its mission of 1847 in 1869 and in

1870, it would have had no rival undertaking. Its supremacy was acknowledged;—it came out victor of a strong opposition,—simply because it had made its name European for fine ensembles. What is its reputation now? The columns of the *Athenæum* will have afforded a notion of the manner in which the operas specified in the table above have been produced. To go into detail again would be useless. So far as the promises of the prospectus are concerned, the unredeemed pledges are the production of Verdi's 'Macbeth,' and the revivals of 'Der Freischütz,' of 'Robert le Diable,' and of the 'Elisir d'Amore.' The promised casts have, in the majority of instances, been adhered to. Signor Campana's 'Esmeralda' was maintained for four nights, for the sake of Madame Patti; but even her histrionic and vocal genius could not sustain such a radically bad opera. Madame Patti's new part, *Elvira*, had not the *entourage* which once distinguished the 'Puritani' to restore the popularity of Bellini's opera. 'Medea' made no impression, despite the energetic acting of Tietjens, who has been comparatively shelved this season to make way for a new comer, Mdle. Sessi. With all the machinery of the forcing system, this artist has not commanded the sympathies of the connoisseurs: she has some brilliant *roulades*, but her intonation is imperfect; her dramatic powers are feeble, except in comic parts, such as the *Figlia*. Her *Ophelia*, compared with that of Mdle. Nilsson and of Mdle. Di Murska, will not stand for a moment. Madame Pauline Lucca has not been fortunate in her new characters of *Angela* ('Le Domino Noir') and of *Zerlina* ('Don Giovanni'): the music of neither of these two parts suits her style, which has, in fact, been more careless than usual. The return of Mario showed him in his best light as an actor, and in the last stage of decay—alas!—as a singer.

The tenor difficulty seems to be insurmountable at Covent Garden. There have been the *débuts* of Dr. Gunz, of Signor Marino, of Signor Vizzani, and the return of Herr Wachtel; but after all Signor Naudin as a safe artist has held his own, and has been well supported by Signor Marino as a second tenor, who would have been better in fact than the new comers. The inequalities of Herr Wachtel were more palpable than ever, but he was no worse than Signor Mongini in the strong tenor parts. A new contralto, Mdle. Cari, after appearing as *Maffei Orsini*, went over to Drury Lane; she has a fine voice and can sing. Of Mdle. Olma, of Mdle. Madigan, the new singers, nothing especially good can be said. M. Petit and Signor Capponi returned to Covent Garden to replace Mr. Santley and Signor Foli, who are at the other house. Signor Caravoglia, a new basso, was useful; the other artists not yet named, were Mesdames Scalchi, Bauermeister and Locatelli, Signori Larocca, Rossi, Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, Fallar, Ciampi, Graziani and Cotogni.

Looking back at the past season, it is difficult to cite any one general performance, that has left a permanent impression on the memory. Patti's chief characters, Lucca's principal dramatic feats, Tietjens' delineations of the grand school, Graziani's fine voice, Cotogni's clever acting, Wachtel's wonderful chest notes, Bagagiolo's rich-toned basso, Mario's chivalrous deportment, Naudin's artistic tact, can of course be referred to; but individual idiosyncrasies are insignificant when put into the scale in the consideration of the fact, whether the interpretation of the operas has been in its varied phases of vocal and dramatic attributes such as can be compared with the general execution prior to the Fusion of 1869. Public opinion on this point cannot be mistaken. The attempt at monopoly could only be a permanent success on the basis of excellence and superiority being sustained.

Since the above was in type, the directional combination has come to an end, and Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have dissolved partnership. Mr. Mapleson will rent the theatre for a short autumnal season of Italian Opera, and will afterwards resume the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, the re-opening of which, in 1871, is now certain. To these facts must be added a curious rumour that Mr. Gye proposes to have an English Opera at Covent

Garden prior to Mr. Mapleson's tenancy, with Madame Patti as *prima donna*.

Musical Gossip.

THE closing of the Drury Lane Theatre Opera is announced for the 30th inst. The production of Wagner's opera, 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' is fixed for the 23rd inst. M. Faure, after playing in 'Faust' at a morning performance of that work on the 20th, left London for Paris to resume his engagement at the Grand Opera House.

THE progress of the Royal Academy of Music pupils will be tested at a concert on the 23rd, conducted by Mr. John Hullah.

MR. G. PERREN, the tenor, is the successor of Mr. E. T. Smith in the management of the Crystal Palace Shilling Opera. Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl' is one of the latest novelties, sustained by Miss Cole, Miss Goodall, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. E. Connell, Mr. E. Cotte and Mr. A. Cook,—all singers who would be entitled to engagements at a National Opera House should such an undertaking be started again with any prospect of being carried on in a manner to reflect credit on the claims for distinction of native artists.

THE Directors of the revived Ancient Concerts, following the example of their predecessors of half a century ago, do not invite criticism, performances being intended solely for the enjoyment of the subscribers and patrons. The Governors of the Middlesex Hospital have, however, had a directorial dispensation, being permitted to sell tickets for the programme of the 20th inst., charity covering a multitude of sins.

WHEN the competition of military bands took place, at the last Paris Exhibition, the prize for which was justly awarded to Austria, and the second one to Prussia, so as not to interfere with the *entente cordiale*, surprise was felt that the Royal Artillery band of Woolwich had not received permission from the home authorities to compete with the Continental military artistes. That the British band would have secured an honourable position there can be little doubt. Eighty numerically, there are many such efficient executants therein that they could be selected as solo players. The wood is certainly inferior to the brass, and it is in the latter instruments only that Austria, Prussia, France and Belgium can claim superiority. The powers of the Royal Artillery Band were fully tested last Monday, in the picturesque Rotunda at Woolwich, where a large assemblage was collected, as, in addition to the ordinary programme, the Hymn composed for and dedicated to the King of Prussia by Sir Michael Costa, was partially heard for the first time in this country. There are three verses to the hymn—the words by D. R. de Fontanier—the first, in B flat, for a soprano or tenor; the second, in F, for contralto, alto, tenor, and basso; and the final verse, in the original key, swelling into a *fortissimo* for full choir. The tempo is, of course, *Marziale*. Only the salute was executed by the band: its effect was striking—a massive theme, more sacred in tone than secular, with a pronounced accent which is telling. It was redemanded by the company, and will find its way to the public ear elsewhere. Of the nine or ten pieces of the programme, the 'Oberon' overture was the most remarkable in point of execution; it was a truly brilliant interpretation of Weber's exquisitely scored work. The precision with which the wind instruments attacked the difficult passages for the stringed, evidenced the thorough training of the band. A *fantasia* based on the themes of Meyerbeer's operas; selections from Costa's 'Naaman,' including the March; an *andante religioso*, by Mendelssohn; Bousquet's Bohemian dance, 'Les Fauvettes,' may also be favourably cited for skilful and spirited playing. Mr. Smythe, the conductor, has only to moderate his ardour a little to make his instrumentalists even more efficient. The 'War Galop' and 'Pas Redoublé' seemed to be keenly appreciated, owing to the warlike tendency of the period.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN is giving a musical version of 'The Lady of Lyons' at the Gallery of Illustration. A new operetta, by Mr. Frederic Clay, 'The Bold Recruit,' has just been produced for these stirring military times.

THE foreign singing birds in London have been terribly fluttered by the outbreak of war in Germany. The bathing localities in the Fatherland have heretofore proved a profitable source of income to vocalists and instrumentalists of all nations, but Hombourg, Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Ems, &c., will not be very agreeable even to artists of European fame at the commencement of hostilities. When the war is in a chronic state they will doubtless receive, as in the campaigns of old, courteous passes from the respective commanders-in-chief of the contending armies. The negotiations for the safe conduct through an enemy's country of a famed *prima donna* used to be regarded as the cleverest feat in diplomacy.

MISS KATE ROBERTS, despite the close of the concert season, ventured to assemble her admirers to a pianoforte recital on Thursday.

M. MARTINET, the new director of the Lyrique, in Paris, has stated that he will rely on the *ensemble* and not on the star system for success in his new undertaking. More than one director will be compelled to follow the example of M. Martinet to resist the ruinous pretensions of *prime donne*.

THE Middle-Rhine festival of the 3rd and 4th inst. was conducted by Herr Lachner. Frau Henriette Ullrich-Rohn, Fräulein Eugenie Pappenheim, Herr Vögl, and Herr C. Hill were the chief singers. Beethoven's 'Missa Solennis,' Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, Schubert's 'Miriam,' Schumann's 'Genoveva' overture, and Beethoven's c minor Symphony were the principal pieces.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music of Stockholm.

ITALIAN and German adaptations of Flotow's opera, 'L'Ombre' are in preparation, its success in Paris being decided.

A NEW opera, by Signor Cortesi, 'La Regina de Spade,' is to be produced at the Pugliari, in Florence, to introduce a Viennese vocalist, Fräulein Maria Ehrenfeld.

THE Philharmonic Society of Bombay is reported to be a great success. It has carried out public concerts once a month for eight months, in the rains and in the hot weather. The Suez Canal has something to do with the prosperity of Bombay.

DRAMA

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE conditions which surrounded the experiment made at this house on Monday last were such as almost precluded success. A drama of a kind from which public taste has turned, was produced under burning summer heat, with a company mainly consisting of amateurs. Under such circumstances, a play of solid merit would have twenty chances of failure against one chance of success. 'Helen Douglas,' however, is on the whole a weak and poor work. Its author, who remains anonymous, has studied old-fashioned models, and has invested a story feeble in interest with a mist of words sufficient to obscure whatever light it might originally have possessed. For the closet, prolonged love passages may be suitable enough; on the stage, and in presence of modern audiences, no superfluous sentiment of any kind can be allowed. 'Helen Douglas' is full of sentiment, and altogether wanting in dramatic action. Incident is freely scattered through it, but it is clumsily introduced; there is no working up to a climax, no light, no intensity, no heat. A play thus constructed, and with such deficiencies, is manifestly unfitted for the stage. So far, however, as literary execution is concerned, 'Helen Douglas' is an improvement upon most works of a similar class, which are produced under analogous conditions. If there is little to praise, there is little

to blame. The verse, if mediocre in quality, is correct, and the laws of rhyme, rhythm, sense and taste are not offended. Perhaps, however, in this very quality of inoffensive mediocrity is found the most convincing proof of unfitness for the stage. There is in the plot a little likeness to preceding dramas, and the dialogue also recalls at times familiar works.

A young Scotch nobleman, under circumstances recalling those introduced in the wild and powerful drama of Lovell Beddoe's 'Death's Jest-Book,' murders his friend, with whose wife he is in love. He then marries the widow, and commences, in behalf of the unborn sons on whom he somewhat prematurely counts, to plot against the liberty or life of a child who is heir to property he covets in their behalf. A blind madman, who recovers his reason, and a priest, thwart his schemes; and the murderer dies in the end of poison intended for the child. Little can be said in favour of the acting of the drama. The utterance of Miss Evelyn, who played the heroine, is whining and lachrymose. Mr. E. Arnott enacted *Robert Douglas*, the murderer, with much energy. This actor has, undoubtedly, capacity and mettle, but both are marred by the disposition shown to rant and mouth, and adopt all the worst vices and extravagances of the modern tragedian. The remaining characters were feebly sustained. Some applause from a thin house attended the close of the performance, which, however, as a whole, was dull and wearisome.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

'PAUL PRY' is continued at this house, but on Monday night Mr. Clarke replaced Mr. Lionel Brough in the character of its troublesome and inquisitive hero. Mr. Clarke's impersonation of *Paul Pry* differs in almost every respect from that of any of his predecessors. The extravagant costume of Liston is retained, but this is the only respect in which recollections of past performances are evoked. *Paul Pry*, in the hands of Mr. Clarke, has nothing unctuous in manner, or amiably deprecatory of the treatment he receives. His sense of his own merits is complete; his curiosity seems that of a man who really believes his occupation dignified, and conducive to the general well-being of society, which, without some such scrutiny as he exercises, would go awry. In appearance he is hard-featured and rather grim, and his gait and gestures have a certain measure of dignity, as of one known and respected at board and in vestry. This idea of the character is defensible, though it will not be as universally popular as the conceptions with which Liston and Wright have rendered the town familiar. Miss Hughes played *Phæbe* with spirit; Mr. Voltaire made his first appearance at this theatre as *Mr. Witherton*; Mr. Shore was *Frank Hardy*; and Mr. Gaston Murray *Wilks*. Of characters calling for praise, the most noteworthy are the *Colonel Hardy* of Mr. W. Farren, which was quite void of extravagance, and the *Eliza* of Miss Kate Bishop.

STRAND THEATRE.

PROOF of the degrading influence of burlesque upon actors is afforded by the performance of 'The School for Scandal' at the Strand Theatre. Accustomed to see laughter attend upon insolence and buffoonery, those taking part in the representation could not forego a chance of repeating their customary triumphs. While one accordingly dressed himself like a mountebank, a second converted Sheridan's dialogue into farce, and a third was with difficulty prevented from executing, upon the stage, feats of which the proper home is the music-hall or the circus. The whole performance was contemptible and deplorable. It is fair, however, to exempt from a portion of this censure a few of the leading actors who did not intentionally burlesque the great comedy thus unworthily dealt with. Miss Swanborough, though totally unfitted for *Lady Teazle*, took no liberties with her part or text. Miss Bufton depicted properly enough *Mrs. Candour* as a young woman, and presented the character intelligently and appropriately, and Messrs. Crouch, Joyce, Turner, and one or two others acted

with a reasonable effort at correctness. Incompetence was the worst fault with which any could be charged. In the manner, however, in which other characters were supported, there was an insult to the audience and to the stage. The audience itself, insensible to the provocation it had received, or ignorant of it, applauded lustily; and added to the spectacle of the degradation of our actors the still more deplorable spectacle of the barbarism of our public.

MR. JOHN COOPER.

THIS name, once so familiar to old playgoers, has appeared, not in a play-bill, but in the obituary. John Cooper died, last week, at Tunbridge Wells, aged seventy-seven. He may be said to have been the last actor of the Kemble school, which, no doubt, was what Mrs. Crawford called it, a "paw and pause school," but which had one merit, in the clear and distinct enunciation even of words (like *tejus*, for tedious, *Room for Rome*, *suverin* for sovereign, &c.) which were execrably mispronounced. John Kemble recognized young Cooper's adhesion to his school, by presenting him with a sword, as a testimony of the old actor's admiration of the young player's *Romeo*. That young player came from Bath to the Haymarket, in 1811, at which time he was but eighteen years of age. He made his *début* as *Count Montalbano*, in 'The Honeymoon' (Elliston was the *Duke Aranza*). Cooper soon withdrew, to make himself more practised, if not more perfect, by a course of provincial stages. He chiefly distinguished himself at Liverpool, whence his old colleague, Elliston, invited him to Drury Lane, where, in 1820, he made his first appearance as *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of his cousin, Mrs. W. West. From that time till Charles Kean left the Princess's a few years ago, Cooper was constantly before the public, playing everything, from Shakspearean heroes to rattling gentlemen in farces, and in later years the heavier personages generally. He played everything well, without showing any brilliancy of genius, but he had sound common sense, carefulness, and was in every respect a conscientious actor. He was one of the many players of the second order whose industry and thriftiness begat riches. John Cooper might have sung "My banks are well-furnished." But, we chiefly notice this highly-respectable player, to contrast the labour which the performers of his time had to undergo, with the luxurious ease enjoyed by actors now. In our days, pieces run for hundreds of nights, and the player has no new study during the whole of that time. Some actors have but two or three characters in their *répertoire*, and these are played till the public are wearied. It was different in Cooper's time. Take, for instance, his first season at Drury Lane. During that season, Cooper played three dozen different parts. He appeared in nine or ten characters, in old plays, for the first time; and he was the original representative, that season, of twelve parts in new pieces, some of which were five-act plays. Work like this would make the young staggers of to-day go mad. The Dolittles of this age have no conception how their grandfathers in the drama laboured. Among the varied characters which Cooper created, in his first year at Drury Lane, were the *Doge* in Byron's 'Marino Faliero,' and *Tom King*, in 'Monsieur Tonson'; *Gerald Duval*, in the piece so-called, and *Mr. Nicodemus* in 'The Spectre Bridegroom.' He also played *Captain Smith* to Mrs. W. West's *Pocahontas* in a melo-drama by Barker, which was first played in Philadelphia, in 1808, under the title of 'The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage.' At Drury it was called 'Pocahontas, or the Indian Princess.' In this piece, the Indian *Opecharranough* was acted by Booth, the father of the man who shot President Lincoln. We have only to add, that Mr. Cooper's home was at Ealing, where he was much respected. The figure of the upright, gentlemanlike, old player walking, sedately cheerful, to or from Ealing Church, will be missed with much regret by those among whom he lived in that pleasant village.

Dramatic Gossip.

FROM an address issued by Mrs. John Wood on Saturday night at the St. James's Theatre, we learn that new comedies by Mr. Albery and Mr. Halliday are in preparation at that theatre.

A FAIRY comedy, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled 'The Palace of Truth,' will shortly be produced at the Theatre Royal Manchester, with a view to its transference thence to the Haymarket. The comedy, which is in blank verse, is in part derived from a story of Madame de Genlis, and is altogether novel, we understand, in execution and idea.

THE New Royalty Theatre was opened for one night on Monday, when a performance of the burlesques of 'Aladdin' and 'Sardanapalus,' and a comedy entitled 'Time tries All,' was given.

'SHE STROOPS TO CONQUER' has been given during the week at the Standard, with Miss Hazlewood as *Miss Harcastle*, Miss Turner as *Miss Neville*, Mr. Lionel Brough as *Tony Lumpkin*, Mr. Charles Harcourt as *Young Marlow*, and Mr. Leeson as *Mr. Harcastle*. Following it, has come the burlesque of 'Pocahontas,' in which Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Lionel Brough, and other members of the St. James's company have appeared.

A NEW drama of Irish life, entitled 'The Emerald Queen,' has been produced at the Britannia. Its author is Mr. Travers, a prolific writer of pieces of its class. Following it comes, we regret to see, a play entitled 'Turpin's Ride to York.'

It is marvellous that so few lives are lost in connexion with the many theatres destroyed by fire. Each week the loss of a theatre has to be chronicled. The latest building thus destroyed is the Variétés Theatre, of Dantzie.

'LA PRINCESSE AMÉLIE' of Casimir Delavigne will speedily be played at the Comédie. It is thus cast: Policastro, Thiron; Sassane, Prudhon; Albano, Berré; Marquis de Polla, Chéry, Alphonse, Laroche; Amélie, Mdle. M. Brohan; Béatrix, Mdle. Lloyd. 'On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour,' by Alfred de Musset, is also in rehearsal. In this, Delaunay and Madame Favart will play the principal parts.

AMONG forthcoming novelties in Paris are 'Caniche et Terre Neuve,' a farce, for the Palais Royal, by M. Paul Rénard, the author of 'Vinciguerra,'—'Le Roi Carotte,' an extravaganza, at the Gaité,—a piece by M. Taillade at the Ambigu,—and 'Fridolin' at the Folies Dramatiques.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have contracted to supply, by the 1st of September, a dramatic version, to be produced at the Théâtre de Cluny, of their romance, 'L'Ami Fritz.'

'L'ARGENTIER DE LA COUR,' a new drama concerning which expectation had been stimulated in Brussels, has been produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It is, however, a piece of very slight character and inconsiderable merit.

SIGNOR ERNESTO ROSSI will re-appear next Carnival in some of his favourite parts, and amongst them Orestes and Hamlet, at the Teatro Nuovo, Florence, assisted by his company of actors.

SIGNOR FRANCESCO COLETTI, the best modern writer of Italian farces, has just published, at Milan, a collection of his farces in two volumes, which afford the reader nearly as much amusement as if they were being acted before him; such genuine fun and humour are to be found in these pages.

FRENCH performances will, it is said, in spite of the war, be given in Berlin.

THERE are some theatrical disappointments in India. Miss Wiseman, who went with a theatrical company, by Kurrachee, to the Punjab, has met with little support. Mr. Carson, who went round by Madras on his way to California, was shut out from every public building in the city,—it is alleged, by the spite of some of the authorities. Bombay, however, flourishes. Besides music, the Grant Road Theatre is providing weekly performances by amateurs and professionals, and these are well supported.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. F. H.—J. M.—L. F.—A. H. G.—J. R. N.—W. M. W.—O.—R. H. A.—received.

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" 3. " " 2. Iron.
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In the Catalogue of the **Civil Service Co-operative Society**, 28, Haymarket, published in December, 1869, certain prices and discounts are announced, some of which are so described, and in some instances illustrated, that comparisons can be made. The following examples taken from that Catalogue will show that purchasers do better at **WILLIAM S. BURTON'S** Establishment, where the low prices do not admit of discount. Many of the prices here quoted may be seen in **WILLIAM S. BURTON'S** Catalogues for years past, and are therefore evidently not made for the occasion. On application Catalogues for the last ten years will be produced for inspection to verify the above.

WROUGHT IRON STOCK-POTS—Page 69.				Prices from Civil Service Catalogue with Discounts Deducted.				W. S. Burton's Prices.			
	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
3 Gallons	0	18	6	15 per cent. off is	0	15	8½ net		0	15	0
4 "	1	4	0	"	1	0	0½ "		0	18	6
WROUGHT IRON OVAL TEA-KETTLES.											
3 Quarts	0	9	6	15 per cent. off is	0	8	1 net		0	6	0
4 "	0	10	6	"	0	8	11 "		0	7	6
5 "	0	12	6	"	0	10	7½ "		0	8	6
6 "	0	13	6	"	0	11	5½ "		0	9	6
7 "	0	15	0	"	0	12	9 "		0	10	6
8 "	0	17	6	"	0	14	10½ "		0	12	0
10 "	1	0	0	"	0	17	0 "		0	14	0
SICILIAN MARBLE MORTARS—Page 69.											
10 in. in diameter, outside measure	0	14	6	15 per cent. off is	0	12	4 net		0	8	6
11 in. "	0	17	6	"	0	14	10½ "		0	10	0
12 in. "	1	2	0	"	0	18	8½ "		0	12	6
14 in. "	1	10	0	"	1	5	6 "		0	17	6
WEIGHING MACHINES and WEIGHTS—Page 60.											
To weigh up to 14 lbs.	0	18	0	15 per cent. off is	0	15	3½ net		0	14	0
IMPROVED DITTO with STANDS, as Woodcut.											
To weigh up to 14 lbs.	1	1	0	15 per cent. off is	0	17	10½ net		0	17	0
" up to 28 lbs.	1	7	0	"	1	2	11½ "		1	1	0
WOODEN MEAT SCREEN, 3 ft. 9 in.—Page 70.											
3	5	0		15 per cent. off is	2	13	3 net		2	12	0
* CAPTAIN WARREN'S PATENT COOKING POTS—Page 83.											
Length. Width. Height.											
No. 6.—11 in. 9 in. 9 in.	0	16	6	10 per cent. off is	0	14	10½ net		0	14	6
1.—13 in. 9 in. 13 in.	1	3	0	"	1	0	8½ "		0	17	0
2.—14 in. 12 in. 14 in.	1	7	0	"	1	4	3½ "		1	1	0
3.—16 in. 13 in. 17 in.	1	12	0	"	1	8	9½ "		1	4	0
PILLAR SHOWER BATHS—Page 90.											
No. 1.	3	15	0	15 per cent. off is	3	3	9 net		3	0	0
2.	4	10	0	"	3	16	6 "		3	15	0
3.	5	10	0	"	4	13	6 "		4	8	0
4.	6	0	0	"	5	2	0 "		4	14	0
VICTORIA SHAPE PILLAR SHOWER BATH.											
5	5	15	0	15 per cent. off is	4	17	9 net		4	15	0
CAMBRIDGE DITTO, with SEAT, &c. &c.											
6	6	15	0	15 per cent. off is	5	14	9 net		5	12	0
HIP BATHS—Page 90.											
No. 1.	1	2	0	15 per cent. off is	0	18	8½ net		0	17	0
2.	1	5	0	"	1	1	3 "		0	19	6
3.	1	7	0	"	1	2	11½ "		1	1	0
4.	1	15	0	"	1	9	9 "		1	7	6
IMPROVED SHAPE DITTO.											
No. 1.	1	4	0	15 per cent. off is	1	0	4½ net		0	18	6
2.	1	7	0	"	1	2	11½ "		1	0	6
3.	1	10	0	"	1	5	6 "		1	3	6
4.	2	2	0	"	1	15	8½ "		1	13	0

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from September 1868, p. 199.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from September 1868, p. 200.

This is a new Invention.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from 1869, page 56.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from 1860, page 61.

The Prices of these and many other Goods have never been published in detail for want of room.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from September 1868, p. 198.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from September 1868, p. 300.

This is a new Invention.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from 1869, page 56.

See W. S. Burton's Catalogues, from 1860, page 61.

* In these articles it is to be noticed that only 10 per cent. discount is offered, while in all the others the discount is 15 per cent.

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